

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3121.—VOL. CXIV.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT, FEBRUARY 7: THE COMMONS, SUMMONED BY BLACK ROD AND HEADED BY THE SPEAKER, CROSSING THE CENTRAL LOBBY ON THEIR WAY TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A distinguished actor has been stirring up controversy by declaring that the function of the dramatist is to tell us "pleasant truths." There are "unpleasant truths," no doubt; but Mr. Hare assures us that the theatre is no place for them. If you have anything disagreeable to reveal, you must tell it in a novel or a newspaper. A considerable number of novel-readers will stand anything in this line, and horror on horror's head is the chief delight of most newspaper-readers; but the theatre is "a place of entertainment." There you must have mirth, uproarious or subdued, according to your class of intelligence. There may be pathos, but in very small doses: two tears in three hours of merriment—to be taken before going to bed. Tragedy is impossible for people who dine late. The middle classes dine sumptuously, and as late as they can: hence the decline of the legitimate drama. In the palmy days of the drama everybody dined early. When the citizen took his principal meal at one in the afternoon, and repaired to the playhouse at five, he did not feel the gloom of "King Lear" lying upon an inexpressive liver. "There are unpleasant truths in 'Lear'!" cries a dramatic critic who is angry with Mr. Hare. Granted, my friend; but remember the dinner-hour, and cast your eye over the *menu* of a fashionable restaurant, or even that which the *Westminster Gazette* publishes every day for epicures with modest means.

This may partially explain why a novel-reader who revels in six hundred pages of morbid psychology demands the lightest form of amusement from the stage. Perhaps he maps out his day in this fashion: After a copious breakfast, skim the unpleasant truths in the morning paper; devote some hours to financial occupations which enlarge the experiences of truth without making it pleasant; discuss at luncheon with a friend the unpleasant truths about a wide circle of society well known to both; after tea at the club, give two hours to the morbid psychology from Maudie's; dress with care, and dine with unction; spend the rest of the evening with the pleasant truths of "a musical comedy." You may say there must be a more enlightened standard of playgoing than this. My observation teaches me that the higher the scale of education, the more resolute is the belief that the theatre is a place for the smallest exercise of the intellect. The faculty of appreciating true drama seems to grow rarer, and when you find it in a cultivated mind, it is likely to be accompanied by a strange yearning to see the drama represented without actors. This kind of playgoer will tell you that he has taken the Theatre Royal of the Mind's Eye, a superb edifice in which he is decorator, scene-painter, carpenter, audience, and plays all the characters in Shakspeare himself, unconscious that his egotism is more voracious than that of the players whose vanity he is never weary of deriding.

Some dreamy persons, chiefly poets, imagine a theatre where the dramatist, actor, and audience will be rapt into an atmosphere called "laborious ecstasy." Common stagecraft, I understand, will be disdained; dialogue will be the converse of souls; no money will be taken at the doors, for what can be more disturbing to "laborious ecstasy" than the sordid details of a box-office? The devout playgoer will glide to his seat as if he were in a fané, where no sound is heard but the murmur of paternosters. Maeterlinck has complained that the Shakspearean tragedy is a mere clash of primitive instincts, rhetorical and noisy. "I took by the throat the circumcised dog, and smote him thus." This, you see, is no converse of souls; we are to have no more of it in the theatre of poetical dreams. To smite the circumcised dog is to appeal to the vulgar love of brutal sensation. Souls, says Maeterlinck, commune in silence; and silence, I take it, should be the highest expression in a theatre where the playgoer catches the meaning of the poet from intangible symbols. I would suggest that the "American biograph" (unless its success at a music-hall condemn it for the poetic mind) would be invaluable for this purpose by eliminating the actor and substituting his silent, expressive, and moving counterfeits. Mr. St. George Mivart thinks that the pleasure of the disembodied soul must lie in its perfect knowledge of the souls it loved, but only partially understood, when wrapped in the earthy envelope. The object of the new poetic theatre is to anticipate this delight. I wish it luck, and regret that its devotees must be so few.

Here is a dangerous point, where anyone with a turn for morbid psychology (I repress my passion for it with the utmost difficulty) is tempted to speculate whether that penetrating soul-gaze, which Mr. Mivart prophesies as a joy of the next life, will disclose nothing but pleasant truths. Happily, we are provided in this world with a variety of merciful screens, which are manipulated with dexterity even by the simplest of us. Perhaps the distaste for unpleasant truths on the stage, as distinguished from unpleasant truths which we read of, is partly due to the fact that in a book the screen is not torn from a visible being. Now, in the drama, if you actually see an unfortunate man without a screen to shelter him (for in this respect the actor is identified by illusion with the

character), you have the painful shock of imagining yourself in the same screenless situation. Being more sophisticated than Claudius, who behaved so indiscreetly when he saw his own crime enacted in a play, you do not bounce to your feet, snatch your hat and coat, and bolt out of the theatre. But acute discomfort forces you to explain to your neighbour that the situation is unnatural and repulsive. You can read precisely the same thing in a novel at your ease, for no one is looking at you with a stealthy suggestion in his eye; but in the theatre we are all on guard behind our screens, and when one of them is overturned on the stage, leaving the owner in a moral predicament much worse than Lady Teazle's, a fellow-feeling makes us uneasy and resentful, and the dramatist who presumes to be a screen-shifter is pretty generally decried.

Some courteous reader has sent me a Bolton paper, from which I learn that a club in that town lives with one most unpleasant truth on terms of intimacy. At the meetings of the Bolton Coffin Club "a number of miniature coffins are on view; and should a member die, those left contribute for the purchase of a wreath and stone, a sample of which is kept in the club-room." There is a dismal cabaret in Paris, where refreshment is served to you on a coffin-lid in a sepulchral room hung with skulls. The intention is humorous, and the effect is mournful. But the members of the Bolton Coffin Club are cheerful men of business who choose their coffins and headstones from the samples "kept in the club-room," and at their annual dinner consume "66 lb. of cooked turkey and chicken, and nine brace of rabbits." This gives a shock to a classic tradition. Moralists still tell us of the mummy which, at every Egyptian feast, warned the revellers of their latter end. Did they heed it? These statistics of turkey and rabbits at the feasts of the Bolton Coffin Club make me sceptical of any *memento mori*. Egypt under the Ptolemies may have been morbid, but that cannot be said of Bolton under Victoria. To choose your coffin and headstone there is to throw off care, and sit down to rabbits with a hearty appetite. I suspect now that the Egyptian mummy stimulated minstrelsy, not negroes. Probably the vocalists of the Bolton Coffin Club, when they have had enough rabbit, sing "coon" songs to an accompaniment of cross-bones.

I begin to think that journalists over forty had better form a Coffin Club, and cultivate the serenity of Bolton. An enterprising periodical has raised the question whether the journalist who has come to forty year should not be moved off the scene. I don't know how it is to be done—whether by a respectful memorial from readers (and your petitioners will ever pray), by a mandate from editors (we beg to intimate that your services are no longer required, and to enclose a cheque which, if thriftily laid out, will yield an old-age pension of three farthings a week), or by a summons at Bow Street, where a constable will depose that the prisoner, though warned not to incriminate himself, confessed to forty birthdays when caught in the act of correcting a proof. Is it the truth, the unpleasant truth, that after forty the journalist cumbers the ground which younger men desire to water? I know men who turn the forties into a garden of vivacious youth, wear their hair long and curly, carry on the small-talk of tea-parties with unquenchable vigour while bald-headed juniors are yawning in corners. Are they to be superannuated upon some miserable system which fixes the beginning of decay at the age when it is often arrested? Some journalists in the early thirties are notorious images of debility. As they approach forty the eye brightens, the mind expands, the heart overflows with charity. After forty they are buoyant, elastic; they have shed the prejudices of partisanship in politics and letters; they spread the wings of middle-aged boyhood—ah! the true boyhood—in the firmament of wisdom. And it is coolly asked whether, in the interests of journalism, they should be permitted to live!

I could go on like this for columns (though I see some sceptic grinning), but it may suffice to say that we who are threatened thus must do more than stimulate cheerfulness by choosing our wreaths and headstones from samples "kept in the club-room." Hitherto none of us has been afraid to proclaim his age. The pages of "Who's Who" testify to the heroism of the forties. But now we must be crafty, hide our birthdays like sorrowing spinsters, dress like young bloods, and use Beau Farintosh's favourite dye. We must form a League of the Forties, and every leaguer must swear that he is not an hour more than thirty-nine. Samples of wigs will be kept in the committee-room. Any member who shows grey hairs or a bald patch will be fined. I am not much in love with these expedients; but we must protect our means of livelihood. I prefer to think of men who have never grown old in a lifetime, who have explored the sixties, and found fresh springs of youth. There was that distinguished physician, Dr. George Harley, whose strenuous life has been recorded by his daughter, Mrs. Tweddie. How often has he begged me with youthful fervour to spell egg with one "g"! How could a man ever age who held that candy was good for the teeth and that sweet champagne prevented gout? To the end of his days he remained one of the most fascinating young men of my time, and I hope that at his years I shall eat sugar with the same confident zest.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen will leave Osborne for Windsor on Tuesday next, Feb. 14. The Queen held a Council at Osborne on Feb. 2, and received the Duke of Marlborough, appointed Paymaster-General. On the day before she received three officers of the troops in Uganda, and conferred upon them the medal for Distinguished Service. Princess Louis of Battenberg on Friday left Osborne for Weymouth. The Court mourning has been prolonged in consequence of the death of Alfred, Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, which occurred on Feb. 6 at Meran.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught quitted Rome, going to Naples, on Jan. 31. On Thursday, Feb. 2, they embarked on board H.M.S. *Surprise* and sailed for Egypt, touching at Messina, but arriving at Suda Bay, Crete, on Saturday morning, stayed a day or two on account of stormy weather. Salute-guns were fired by British and foreign war-ships. The new ruler of Crete, Prince George of Greece, came with Sir Herbert Chermiside and conducted them, bands playing and flags flying, to his residence at Halepa. The ceremony of inaugurating the Cretan Constitution and the election of the Assembly of Deputies took place next day.

The Duke of Cambridge has arrived at Monte Carlo.

A letter from the Princess of Wales to Lord Cadogan, at Dublin, contains a donation of £100 to the building fund of the Alexandra College there, and expresses much satisfaction at the progress of that institution for thirty-three years past.

The Duchess of York has promised to perform the ceremony, on May 9, of launching the new royal yacht building at Pembroke Dockyard.

Princess Christian on Feb. 2, at Cambridge, opened a bazaar in aid of the Convalescent Home of the Addenbroke Hospital there.

Sir William Harcourt, with Lady Harcourt, left England on Saturday for the Riviera.

The leading members of the Opposition Party were entertained by Mr. Seale-Hayne, M.P., at dinner on Monday evening.

The First Lord of the Treasury, Mr. A. J. Balfour, made a speech on technical education on Friday at the opening of a new hall for the Battersea Polytechnic Institution.

A dinner of Midland Counties representatives and supporters of the Liberal Party took place on Feb. 2 at the National Liberal Club; Sir Henry Fowler, M.P., was the chief speaker.

An address officially put forth by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, President of the British and Irish Conferences of Wesleyan Methodists, expresses strong hostility to the idea of a Roman Catholic University for Ireland.

In Dublin on Feb. 1 a meeting was held at the Mansion House, presided over by the Lord Mayor, to support the proposed Roman Catholic University. It was attended by Bishops and clergy of that Church, by Lord Enly and Lord Powerscourt, who moved the first two resolutions, by Mr. John Dillon, M.P., Mr. John Redmond, M.P., and Mr. Timothy Healy, M.P., and by the Mayors of Cork and Waterford. Mr. John Dillon spoke warmly in praise of Mr. Balfour's declaration.

The Irish members of the House of Commons held a meeting at Dublin on Feb. 2, preparatory to the opening of Parliament, to consider their action, conjointly with Irish Peers in the Upper House, for carrying into effect the demand of more equitable adjustment of finance and taxation between Great Britain and Ireland, according to the resolutions passed at the Dublin meeting of Jan. 4. The Earl of Mayo presided; Lord Castletown, Lord Enly, Lord Plunket, and Lord Montagu spoke; and letters were read from Irish gentlemen of different parties, equally determined to urge this national claim.

The proposal to raise a large subscribed fund, £200,000 to begin with—but ultimately, altogether, it is said £500,000 will be wanted—for the re-endowment of Cambridge University, was discussed on Wednesday, Feb. 1, by a meeting at Devonshire House, the Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of the University, presiding. His Grace explained the pecuniary needs of the University: new buildings to cost £200,000, a yearly expense of keeping them up, £100,000 for a sufficient teaching staff, and other expenditure. He was followed by the Rev. Dr. Hill, Vice Chancellor, the Master of Trinity, the Bishop of London, and others. The Duke of Devonshire heads the subscription-list with a donation of £10,000, and an equal sum is given by the Rothschilds.

A conference of delegates from the City of London Common Council, the London County Council, some District Councils and local authorities in the Metropolis, was held last week at Guildhall to ask Government and Parliament for leave to establish a telephone service for the whole Metropolis, apart from the National Telephone Company, to be under municipal or local authority management. The Post Office authorities, it seems, prefer to wait until 1901 before changing the present system.

French news this week is only further small incidents of the Dreyfus case. The Navy League, promoted by M. Marc Landry in imitation of the Navy League in Great Britain, to advocate an increase of naval armaments, has received the official approval of the Minister of Marine. Two duels, one with swords at Paris, which was provoked by a journalist's remarks upon M. Henri Rochefort's departure for Algiers, the other with pistols at Marseilles, have come off without actual homicide.

In Cuba there still remain 900 Spanish soldiers to be sent home. The native Cuban insurgent army, about 50,000 men, under Maximo Gomez, refuse to disband except on payment of a large sum for their expenses, some millions sterling.

The fort and station of Rejaf, on the Upper White Nile, between Fashoda and Wadelai, is said to have been occupied by some retreating party of the Dervishes. The nearest Anglo-Egyptian force is a small detachment at Dufilé, commanded by Colonel Cyril Martin.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

The Federation of the Australian Colonies is on the eve of achievement. The six Colonial Premiers, Mr. G. H. Reid (New South Wales), Sir George Turner (Victoria), Mr. Cameron Kingston (South Australia), Mr. J. R. Dickson (Queensland), Sir John Forrest (Western Australia), and Sir E. Braddon (Tasmania), have agreed to submit a project by referendum to the popular vote. The principal obstacles which the conference of Premiers had to overcome related to the machinery for settling disputes between the two Houses of the Federal Legislature, the allocation of the financial surplus, and the choice of the Federal capital. It has been agreed that in cases of conflict the two Houses shall meet and decide the question by a simple majority. An arrangement for dealing with the surplus is to be tried for ten years. The Federal capital will be fixed a hundred miles from Sydney. On this important point the Premiers have evidently been guided by American example. Washington, District of Columbia, was chosen as the capital of the American Union, rather than any one of the great political and commercial centres of the United States. To

seat the Federal Legislature at Sydney would be to excite dangerous jealousies, so some hitherto undistinguished town is to blossom into glory, or better still, an entirely new city will be built as a temple of the Australian Union. Over this prospect many an ambitious architect must be already pondering with rule and compasses.

mony, which, as our readers will remember, took place on Jan. 5, was performed by Lord Cromer. His Lordship, in his speech on that occasion, assured the Sheikhs that the new educational scheme for the Soudan would not include any attempt to interfere with the native religion, but that the aim of the College was to diffuse practical knowledge.

British traders are waiting with suppressed emotion to see how the new Federal tariff will be applied to them, for the six colonies will have one Board of Customs, which is ominous for the Free Trade policy hitherto practised by New South Wales. But, apart from this sordid detail, the feeling of the Mother Country is a feeling of enthusiastic goodwill for a scheme which promotes the solidarity of the Anglo-Saxon race.



Photo. Talma, Melbourne.
THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE TURNER
(Victoria).



Photo. Greenham, Perth.
THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN FORREST
(Western Australia).



Photo. Adcock, Adelaide.
THE RIGHT HON. C. C. KINGSTON
(South Australia).

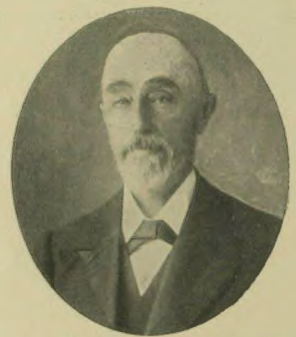


Photo. Wiley, Brisbane.
THE HON. J. R. DICKSON
(Queensland).

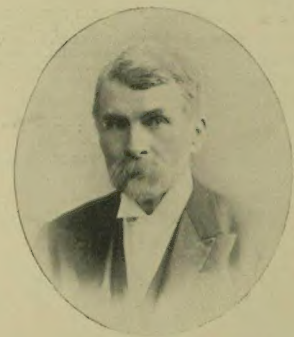


Photo. Maull and Fox.
THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD BRADDON
(Tasmania).



Photo. Falk, Sydney.
THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE REID
(New South Wales).

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION: THE PREMIERS OF THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

THE GORDON COLLEGE

AT KHARTOUM.

Public interest in the Gordon College at Khartoum manifested itself in a striking manner on Feb. 7 by the splendid Subscription Ball at the Hotel Cecil. There is therefore an especial timeliness in and appropriateness to our Illustration representing the laying of the foundation-stone of the Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum. The ceremony, which, as our readers will remember, took place on Jan. 5, was performed by Lord Cromer. His Lordship, in his speech on that occasion, assured the Sheikhs that the new educational scheme for the Soudan would not include any attempt to interfere with the native religion, but that the aim of the College was to diffuse practical knowledge.



THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE GORDON MEMORIAL COLLEGE AT KHARTOUM BY LORD CROMER.

From a Photograph by the Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P.

THE LATE PRINCE ALFRED OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.



Photo. Russell and Sons.

THE LATE ALFRED, HEREDITARY PRINCE OF
SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

BORN OCTOBER 15, 1874; DIED FEBRUARY 6, 1899.



Photo. Hills and Saunders, Eton.

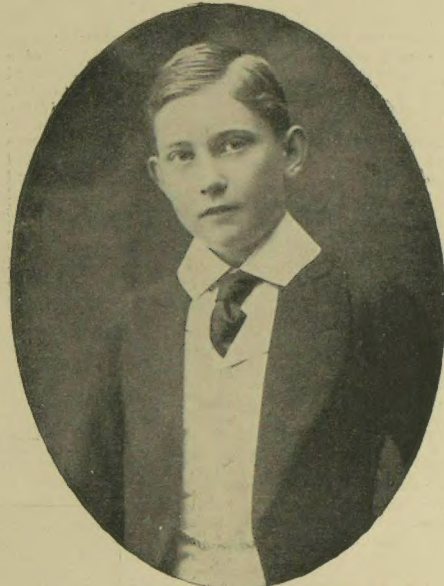
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH
AND PRINCE ALFRED.

Photo. Mendelssohn.

PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

WHO, IN THE EVENT OF THE RESIGNATION OF HIS FATHER,
THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, WOULD BECOME HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE TO THE
DUCHIES OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

It is with the deepest regret that we record the death of Prince Alfred of Saxe-Coburg, only a fortnight after the Silver Wedding of his parents. A fortnight ago he was in Gotha, the centre of that kindly interest which always attaches to an heir when gay doings are afoot in the kingdom he shall yet inherit. On Feb. 6 he died in the Tyrolean Meran, and the gladness of his parents has been turned to mourning.

Prince Alfred Alexander Albert had not yet completed his twenty-fifth year, having been born at Buckingham Palace on Oct. 15, 1874. As everybody knows, his father was not then Duke of Coburg, but "our" Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of the Queen, who succeeded his uncle, the brother of the late Prince Consort, in the

German dukedom. His mother was the Archduchess Marie of Russia, and at the christening of the child, an illustration of which we reproduce, the late Czar Alexander III., was present and acted as one of the sponsors. Hence the "Alexander" in the young Prince's name. The Prince had always been extremely delicate; at the time of the Diamond Jubilee it was a matter of common remark how ill the Queen's grandson was looking. He had been suffering of late from nervous depression, accompanied by excruciating pains in the head, and it was proposed that he should leave Meran, where he had been staying, and spend two months in Egypt with his brother-in-law and sister, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse. The fact that these plans had been made for him shows that

his sudden death has taken even his nearest friends by surprise. The Prince, in his dual character of English royalty and heir to a German dukedom, possessed honours and dignities in both countries. In England he held a commission in the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Devonshire Regiment, and in 1894 was admitted to the Order of the Garter. He was also a Knight of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. In Germany he held a commission in the imperial army, and possessed the Orders of the Black Eagle and Red Eagle of Prussia. In consequence of the demise of the Prince, the Duke of Connaught becomes heir to the throne of Coburg, but he will probably waive his rights in favour of his eldest son, Prince Arthur, who was born Jan. 13, 1883.



Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh.

Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Queen. Prince of Wales.

The Czarevitch.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE LATE PRINCE ALFRED AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, NOVEMBER 30, 1874.

Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of December 5, 1874.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The new Session opened with a Queen's Speech of a singularly unexciting character. Legislation is promised for the reorganisation of municipal government in London, secondary and technical education in England and Wales, and assistance to small house-occupiers to purchase their dwellings. These are the principal measures. The debate on the Address took a placid course in both Houses. Lord Kimberley asked some well-meant questions, and Lord Salisbury spoke confidently about the future of the Soudan and the situation in China. The most interesting part of the Prime Minister's speech related to Germany. Some highly important agreement has been concluded, the details of which will be laid before Parliament. Lord Salisbury alluded in cordial terms to the peace proposals of the Czar, but did not state the particulars of the understanding arrived at by the international Conference on Anarchism. According to the Queen's Speech, "some amendment of the laws of the realm upon this subject appear to be required." In the Commons Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman followed the main lines of Lord Kimberley's speech, but laid special emphasis on the question of London government. He declared that if the Ministerial measure should interfere in any way with the legitimate jurisdiction of the County Council, it would be met with the most vigorous opposition. Mr. Balfour replied in general terms, and Sir Charles Dilke took the opportunity of dissenting in almost every particular from the foreign policy of the Government. Curiously enough, while Lord Kimberley was declaring in the House of Lords that the sooner the remaining territories lately under the rule of the Khalifa were reconquered the better, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman remarked that the satisfaction of the Opposition with the conduct of the military operations in the Soudan must not be taken as approval of the policy which led to them. At this distinction the members of the Government smiled. In both Houses appropriate reference was made to the lamentable bereavement which the Queen and her family have sustained by the death of her grandson, Prince Alfred of Saxe-Coburg. The Irish Party appeared without a head, Mr. Dillon having resigned the leadership of the Nationalists, apparently in respectful imitation of Sir William Harcourt.

THE CONFLICT IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Scarcely has the peace treaty between the United States and Spain been ratified, when the former Power finds itself once more involved in war. The relations between the Filipinos and the United States have been daily growing more strained, and on Saturday night the whole insurgent line at Manila from Calocan to Santa Mesa opened fire upon the American outposts. The pickets held their ground until reinforced. Artillery came into play, and a terrific fire lasted for about an hour. At 2.45 on Sunday morning the fusillade was renewed, the United States troops being supported by the monitor *Monadnock*, stationed off Malate. The Californian and Washington troops then made a superb advance upon the villages of Paco and Santa Ana, which they cleared of the insurgents. Paco was cleared by a few companies of Californians. The Filipinos had taken post in the upper storey of the church and convent, and defied their assailants for nearly an hour, keeping up a heavy fusillade the while. Then Colonel Duboco, with a few volunteers, made a dash for the church and set fire to the building. As the defenders were smoked out, the Idahos and Washingtons picked them off. Our illustrations show the chief points of interest in the battle-ground. Felipe Agoncillo, Aguinaldo's agent at Washington, has fled to Canada. Aguinaldo has declared war upon the United States.

BY RAIL TO KLONDIKE.

Very soon after the discovery of gold in the far North-West, a railway became an obvious necessity, and the question arose as to where it should be located, and where its coast terminus should be. Various schemes were mooted. Up the Stikine River to Telegraph Creek, then to have a railway to Lake Teslin, was "boomed," but the idea was abandoned. Fort Simpson, really in Canadian territory, was suggested as the sea starting-place, but so far nothing has been done. On several other routes and trails, endeavours have been made to persuade the Canadian Government to build a railroad, but all plans have, so far, come to nought, and nothing at all promising has been done by them. It was known, however, to certain people that there is a way in, which is at once the shortest, has the easiest pass of all to cross, has a port to start from which is open to sea-going ships all the year round, and possesses a harbour capable of accommodating an immense fleet. It is also easily accessible from Victoria, Vancouver, and the

American ports on Puget Sound. This place is Skagway, at the head of the Lynn Canal. The town which has lately arisen here is at the foot of the White Pass, and it is here that the sea terminus of the railroad, which is really being constructed, is located. It is undoubtedly the best, as it is the first, and to-day the only real road into the Yukon and Klondike gold-fields. A considerable portion of the track has now been completed, despite the difficulties of overcoming the summit, and the railway is in proper working order.

The first two Klondike illustrations in our present issue give an idea of the work that had to be done. Porcupine Cliff had to be conquered. The drawings show how it was managed, and how the line is successfully carried past it. Our third illustration shows the police post and starting-place of the steam-boats at White Horse, just below the rapids so named. The wooden tramway by which passengers, their gear, their boats, and their stores and merchandise are carried round the only really dangerous bit of navigation on this journey is an interesting feature of the drawing. It is by this route that future communication with the Yukon region will be carried on.

COUNT VON CAPRIVI.

The second Chancellor of the German Empire has died in retirement at the age of sixty-eight. For a considerable part of his life Count Caprivi was a soldier. He entered



THE LATE COUNT VON CAPRIVI, FORMERLY CHANCELLOR OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.
BORN FEBRUARY 4, 1831; DIED FEBRUARY 6, 1899.

the Prussian Guards, distinguished himself in the war of 1866, and in 1870 was Chief of the Staff to the Tenth Corps, and took an important part in the decisive operations near Metz. From the German army Count Caprivi's abilities were transferred to the navy, and with no practical experience of naval affairs he succeeded in reorganising the whole system in a manner which commanded general approval. Returning to the army, he was probably more astonished than anybody when the Emperor William summoned him to the responsible post vacated by Prince Bismarck. It is curious that the retiring Chancellor was for a while disposed to claim credit for having recommended his successor. But this appreciation did not last long. Bismarck's bitterness spared nobody, and Count Caprivi was compelled to take part in the undignified campaign with which the Emperor met the unveiled attacks of his old adviser. The new Chancellor was accused of having wrecked the foreign policy of Germany. In Bismarck's caustic phrase, he was "un ministre étranger-aux affaires." But the truth is that Caprivi mastered the problems so suddenly thrust upon him as easily as he had mastered the secrets of naval organisation. He was an admirable writer and speaker, a model of personal dignity, and he enjoyed the entire confidence of the Emperor. The world was scarcely less amazed when he retired from office than when Bismarck fell. Count Caprivi, with his master's strong approval, had initiated the agrarian legislation which gave such bitter offence to the Prussian nobility. They intrigued against him with so much success that the Emperor abruptly dispensed with his services. Under this unmerited stigma he showed the most dignified fortitude, presenting in this respect, at all events, an admirable contrast to his great predecessor.

STUDIES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

VI.—THE INDIAN RHINOCEROS.

Although now, like elephants, restricted to Africa and the East Indies, rhinoceroses formerly inhabited the greater part of the world, even the British Islands being once the home of at least two species. They may accordingly be regarded as survivors of an antediluvian fauna; and, like most archaic creatures, seem destined ere long to disappear for ever. One, the so-called white rhinoceros of South Africa, has indeed already become nearly as extinct as the dodo; and it therefore behoves us to make the most of such species as still remain. Fortunately, in spite of an exceedingly disagreeable and vicious temper, "rhinos" flourish remarkably well in menageries, and examples of three out of the five living species may now be seen in the "Zoo."

Among these is the great Indian rhinoceros, which forms the subject of our illustration. Although all the species possess at least one horn, the rhinoceroses of Asia may be distinguished at a glance from their Ethiopian brethren by the great pleats or folds in the skin; and in none are these folds more deep than in the species depicted. One of the special characteristics of this animal is displayed in the great knobs or bosses dotted over the triangular fold of skin overlying the shoulder, which look for all the world like the bolt-heads on a boiler-plate. The massiveness of the armour of the great Indian rhinoceros is doubtless the

origin of the idea that its hide is bullet-proof. But, as a matter of fact, this is by no means the case, as was proved during the Indian Mutiny, when one of these animals that had been captured from a native chief was shot dead by an Irish private, who shared the popular belief as to its invulnerability. The result of his rashness was to lose something like £1000 in prize-money to his regiment!

It is another common idea that the Indian rhinoceros fights with his horn, and old sporting books represent him as impaling the elephant on this weapon. This, however, is an error, as the animal does battle entirely with his lower tusks, which rip like those of a wild boar. On the other hand, the African rhinoceroses, both of which have two horns, do make use of these weapons for attack; and as in some individuals of the white species the front horn was considerably over fifty inches in length, a charge from such a mouster was a serious matter.

VII.—THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

Africa is essentially the home of huge and bulky animals. The African elephant, which is a much bigger creature than its Asiatic cousin, occupies the forests, the rhinoceroses inhabit the open plains, and the rivers and their reedy banks are tenanted by the still more unwieldy hippopotamus. Weighing some three or four tons when fully adult, the "hippo," with its square, ungainly mouth, armed with a most formidable array of tusks, and its short, massive legs, presents but little external resemblance to the familiar pig. Yet, nevertheless, the latter animal is its nearest living relative; and the name of river-horse (the literal translation of hippopotamus) in an arrant misnomer. Nor is that of zee-kuh (lake-cow), given to the creature by the Dutch Boers, much better.

But, after all, the meaning of a name is of little real importance; and what we have to admire in the hippopotamus is its exquisite adaptation to its environment. Every visitor to the "Zoo" has probably watched one of these huge creatures slowly subsiding in its bath till it finally leaves only its nostrils and eyes just appearing above the surface of the water. These apertures are, indeed, situated on the most prominent points of the head, and thus occupy a very different position from that which they hold in the pig. The nostrils, too, can be completely closed, thus permitting the creature to be thoroughly at its ease when submerged. Probably the extreme shortness of the legs is intimately connected with the hippo's capability to walk leisurely along the river bottom; and the huge cavernous mouth, with its powerful armature, permits the lush herbage of the river's bank to be gathered with the greatest despatch. It is, however, only when much harassed by man that the hippopotamus displays its utmost caution in coming to the surface or venturing on land; and in undisturbed lagoons it will rear its whole head above the water in clumsy gambols.

In past times hippopotami inhabited the rivers of India and Europe; and it is distinctly sad to think that the solitary African survivor of this strange type is only too likely to disappear within a comparatively short period. It has long since been killed off in Egypt; and the demand for its hide to make *sjanboks*, or ox-whips, as well as the price obtainable for its ivory, has already made it of extreme rarity in many parts of South and East Africa, where it abounded less than twenty years ago.

In the "Zoo" it flourishes well; one individual, whose mounted skin is now exhibited in the Natural History Museum, having lived there for over twenty years.
R. LYDEKKER.

PERSONAL.

Lord Tennyson's appointment to the Governor-Generalship of South Australia seems to be popular; and it is known to have been made on the initiative of the Queen. Lord Tennyson will be a warm advocate of the federation of the various colonies of Australasia; and in that sense he and the other Governors may be said to be preparing the way for their own extinction. Meanwhile the Marquis of Lorne has become the laureate of "Australia Federata"—

A giant work each State has wrought;
The fruit is union now:
Australia, guard the prize, long sought,
And keep a nation's vow.

The appearance of the verses with the Marquis of Lorne's signature suggests the possibility of a certain very popular appointment when the choice of the first Viceroy of Australasia has to be made.

The new Canon of Westminster is one of the fortunate men in the Church. The Rev. Professor Joseph Armitage Robinson is one of the many clerical sons of a devoted Evangelical clergyman long benefited in the diocese of Liverpool. Canon Robinson, who was born rather more than forty years ago, was educated mainly at Liverpool, and went up with a scholarship to Christ's College, Cambridge. He narrowly escaped being Senior Classic, and became Fellow of his college. Devoting himself to theology, he was in 1893 appointed Norrisian Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. He had in the meantime identified himself with the High Church school, became

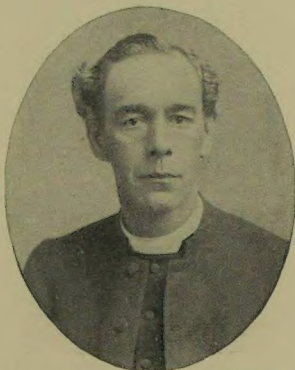
career in India. In 1836 he joined the 63rd Bengal Native Infantry. Shortly afterwards he was posted to the Meywar Bhil Corps, which was raised for the purpose of settling down the wild tribes inhabiting the hilly tracts on the west of Rajputana. It was, in a great measure, owing to his tact and personal influence with the Bhils that the Corps was successfully raised and disciplined. In 1848, while still a lieutenant, he was made Commandant of the corps, and it was by the exercise of these same qualities of tact and personal influence on the part of Lieutenant Brooke that the Bhils and neighbouring Meywar chiefs remained loyal during the Mutiny of 1857. This proved of great advantage in keeping a large tract of country quiet during that critical period, and for his services on this occasion he was specially mentioned in Lord Canning's minutes, and received the gracious approbation of her Majesty the Queen. Subsequently he served with distinction in the Indian Political Department, as Political Agent in Jodhpore and Jeypore, and was frequently mentioned in despatches. In 1870 he was appointed agent to the Governor-General for Rajputana, and held this post till attaining to Colonel's allowances in 1873, after thirty-eight years' service. The family was for a long period connected with the East, his father and grandfather having been in the Indian Service, and his uncle being the well-known Rajah Brooke of Sarawak.

The Rev. Thomas Hincks, who died at Clifton on Jan. 25, was for many years pastor of the Mill-Hill Unitarian Chapel in Leeds, where he was an active public

who has been trained at the Society's College at Islington. The new diocese is the eastern or coast part of that which has been under Bishop Tucker. In the subdivision Bishop Tucker retains the Uganda Protectorate, with the title of Bishop of Uganda.

The meeting of the Liberal Party at the Reform Club was highly successful. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, unanimously elected to Sir William Harcourt's place, made just the kind of speech with which a new Leader puts heart into his followers. Nothing was said about policy, but a vigorous criticism of the Government was foreshadowed. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman remarked that the Government had complained because there was no Opposition. Everything would be done to gratify their very natural yearning to be strongly opposed. The new Leader gave a broad hint to his friends that although a tolerant man he intended to be the sole judge of tactical expediency. This was greatly applauded, especially by the members who have been most conspicuous in fighting for their own hand. A resolution of warm regard for Sir William Harcourt was passed, and all the differences of opinion that led to his resignation were judiciously ignored.

The London cabmen are in arms against a new regulation prohibiting "crawling" in the Strand, Piccadilly, and Bond Street. It is the opinion of the police that the "crawling" cab is chiefly responsible for the congestion of the traffic. That is not the opinion of the cabmen; and it is, indeed, a very disputable proposition. The omnibus is as great an offender as the cab. Sir Matthew White Ridley



Photo, Russell and Sons.

PROFESSOR ARMITAGE ROBINSON,
New Canon of Westminster.

Photo, Bassano.

HALLAM, LORD TENNYSON,
New Governor-General of South Australia.

Photo, Hawkins, Bath.

THE REV. W. G. PEEL,
New Bishop of Mombasa.

Photo, Elliott and Fry.

SIR CHARLES METCALFE.



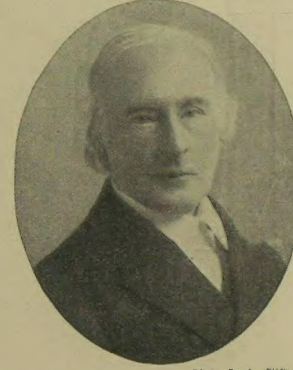
Photo, Gervais, Brussels.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT KEATING.



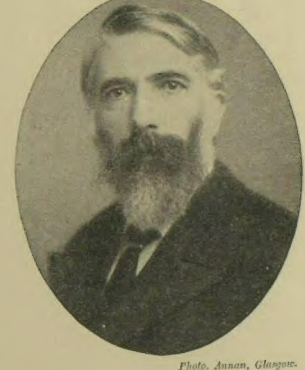
Photo, Debenham, Southampton.

THE LATE GENERAL BROOKE.



Photo, Lewis, Clifton.

THE LATE REV. THOMAS HINCKS.



Photo, Annan, Glasgow.

THE LATE PROFESSOR COATS.

a contributor to the *Guardian*, and seemed obviously marked out for still higher preferment. He is in no way distinguished as a preacher, but in point of solidity of matter may be trusted to offer his hearers sermons worth their attention.

Sir Charles Metcalfe, who has been actively seconding Mr. Rhodes's efforts towards the accomplishment of the Cape to Cairo Railway, has had to abandon his plan of walking from Khartoum to Buluwayo. Mr. Rhodes and Sir Charles in the course of last week left England for Egypt, and although the latter will probably go up to Khartoum, he will not, owing to his engagements over the Bechuana-land Railway, go through to Lake Tanganyika. Sir Charles Metcalfe, of Fern Hill, Berkshire, is forty-five years of age, was educated at Harrow and University College, Oxford, and owns some 4000 acres. In 1883 he succeeded his father as sixth Baronet.

The late Lieutenant Henry Edward Conrad Keating, who was killed in October last near Yelba, between Jebba and Ilo, on the Niger, belonged to the 1st Leinster Regiment. With him fell twelve of the native troops of the West African Frontier force and Corporal Gale, to whose fate we have alluded in a former number. Lieutenant Keating and his force were bargaining with the natives about canoes when they were treacherously attacked. In a gallant attempt to rescue Gale, who had been severely wounded, the Lieutenant lost his life. His body was afterwards recovered. The late Mr. Keating was twenty-seven years of age, and became Lieutenant in 1894.

General John Cheap Brooke, of the Indian Staff Corps, who died at his residence, 20, Porchester Terrace, W., on Jan. 23, aged eighty, had a long and distinguished

worker. He retired comparatively early from the ministry, owing to failure of voice, and devoted himself to scientific writing, chiefly on marine zoology. In this he was closely associated with the late Professor Allman. His publications were noteworthy, the best known being his "British Hydroid Zoophytes" and his "British Marine Polyzoa." In 1872 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. He was educated at Belfast and Manchester College, and took the degree of B.A. at London University.

Dr. Joseph Coats, Professor of Pathology in the University of Glasgow, who has died at the age of fifty-three, was a native of Paisley. He studied at Glasgow, Leipzig, and Würzburg, taking his M.D. degree at the first-named University in 1870. Dr. Coats became a Fellow of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow in 1872, and for some time acted as Pathologist at the Glasgow Western Infirmary. He was editor of the *Glasgow Medical Journal* and Degree Examiner in Pathology to the University from 1879 to 1892. After holding the Lectureship on that subject for four years, he was in 1894 appointed to the Professorship. He was a member of various learned societies.

The Rev. W. G. Peel, Bishop-designate of Mombasa, East Africa, is the son of an English officer, and was born in India. Resolving to become a missionary, he was trained in the institution of the Church Missionary Society, and shortly after ordination went out under its auspices to India. With intervals for furlough, he has worked in India since 1880, serving first in the Society's Telugu Mission, then in Madras, and of late in Bombay. The Bishop-designate has acquired a reputation for administrative power, and acted as the C.M.S. Secretary at Bombay. He will be the ninth Bishop

has practically admitted this by promising a Bill which will give the police complete control of all vehicles. At present they control the cabs alone; and the cabmen ask why they should be singled out for repression. So far as public convenience is concerned, there must be either "crawling" cabs or more cab-ranks. To denude the Strand of cabs at the very hour when playgoers are going home is manifestly absurd.

The true character of the attack on the Criminal Chamber of the Cour de Cassation is made sufficiently clear by the vote of the Committee to which was referred the Government Bill for withdrawing the Dreyfus inquiry from President Loew and his colleagues. The Committee rejected the Bill by an overwhelming majority, because they found it was not justified by the investigation. No slur whatever rests upon the character of the Criminal Chamber, and the Committee have had the courage to say so. Their decision will be supported by the publication of the documents. But M. Dupuy is no longer influenced by any consideration of justice, and clings to the absurd pretext that if the Criminal Chamber is discredited, the verdict of all the Chambers of the Court sitting together will carry conviction to the public mind.

We seem to be indebted to General Chanoine for the information that the British Government has subscribed the greater part of the funds of the "Dreyfus Syndicate." It is also announced that Lord Rosebery and Mr. Cecil Rhodes have visited Paris for the purpose of arranging a further subsidy. The object of this policy is to bring about revolution and chaos in order that perfidious Albion may help herself to the French colonies. The idea is quite worthy of the intelligence which General Chanoine has shown since the world first heard of him.

THE RENEWED CONFLICT IN THE PHILIPPINES: SCENES OF THE ENGAGEMENTS ON FEBRUARY 4 AND 5.



SANTA ANA.



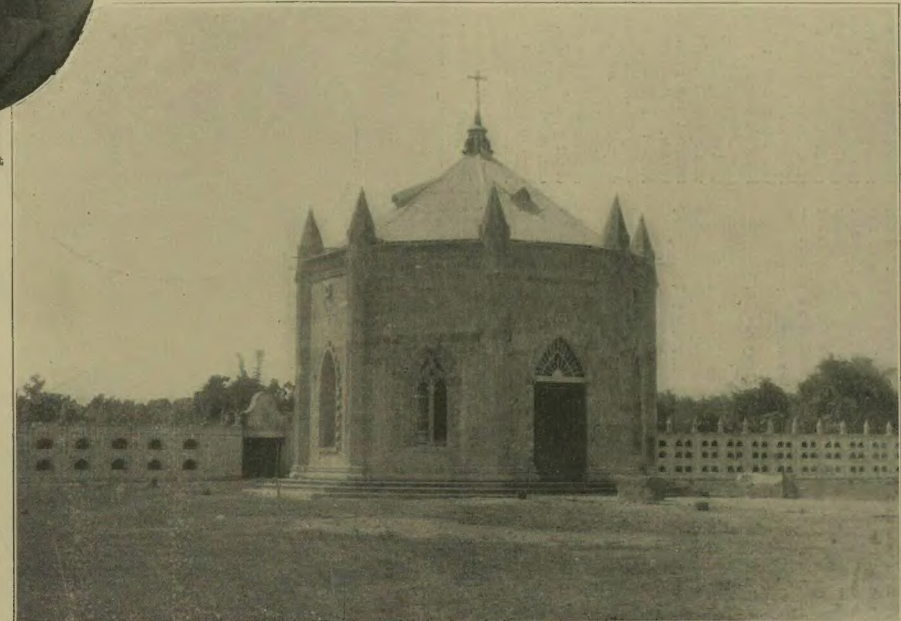
ILOILO.



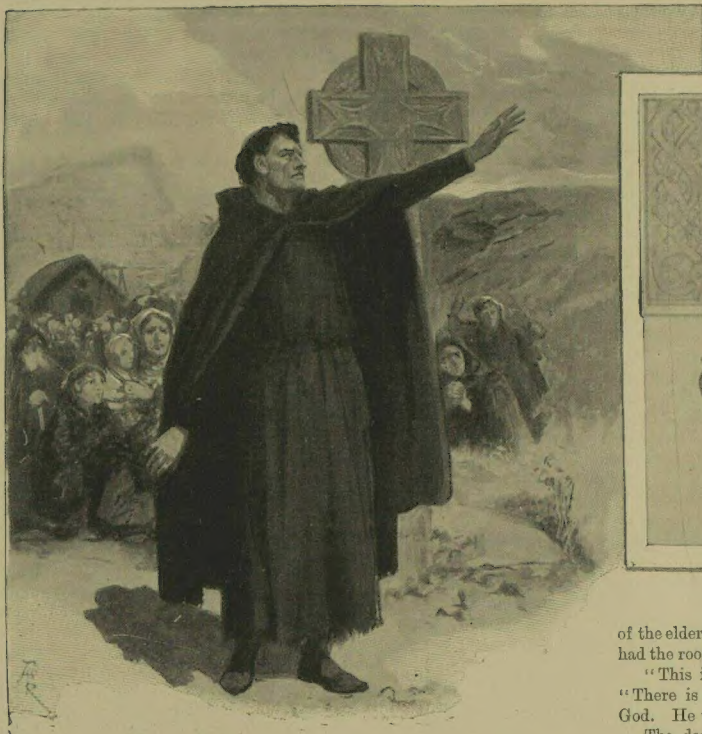
AGONCILLO,
Filipino Agent
at
Washington.



VILLAGE OF SANTA MESA, THE SCENE OF THE FIRST FIGHT ON FEBRUARY 4.



PACO: THE CHURCH AND CEMETERY.



PABO

THE PRIEST

By S. BARING GOULD.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XII.

GORONWY.

The Blessed Valley, which for nearly five hundred years had enjoyed the "Peace of Dewi," which had remained untroubled in the midst of the most violent commotions, was now a prey to the spoiler.

Throughout the whole basin all was trouble. The armed men, servants of the bishop, for the most part Normans or Englishmen, but some Welshmen who had taken service under the oppressors of their countrymen, were dispersed through the district.

Ostensibly they were engaged in numbering the hearths, for the exaction of the fine, but with this they did not content themselves. They entered every house, and conducted themselves therein as masters, aware that they were not likely to be called to order for the grossest outrages by either Rogier or by the bishop.

They demanded food and drink, they ransacked the habitations and plundered them. They wasted what they could not consume, and destroyed what they did not take. The men they treated with contumely and the women with insult.

A farmer who had a *hafod*, a summer byre, as well as a *hendre*, a winter residence, must pay for both. The poorest squatter would be forced to contribute as well as the wealthiest proprietor. "A mark of silver for a house," said Rogier; "settle it among you how the money is to be extracted. The rich will pay for the poor. In a fortnight we shall have every hearth registered."

One wretched man, whose hovel had been broken into, set fire to it. "This," said he, "shall not be counted. I have no house now, no roof, no hearth. Therefore it shall not be reckoned in."

"It was recorded before you set it in flames," was the answer. "It pays all the same."

A father attempting to defend his daughter against one of the dissolute soldiers received a blow on his head which cut it open and cast him senseless on the ground. He lay in a precarious condition; and the girl had been carried off.

A lone woman, aged, and a widow dependent on the charity of the neighbours, through their dispersion, or through forgetfulness, had died in solitude, by starvation.

Several well-to-do men, landowners, in attempting to resist the plunderers had been unmercifully beaten.

It was an open secret that Rogier was seeking in all directions for the beautiful Morwen; but Tall Howel had the cunning to evade his search, by moving her about from house to house.

On Sunday, with the exception of some of the soldiers, hardly any natives appeared in the church. The few who did show were some old women. It transpired that the inhabitants of the Caid district had gone for their religious duties to some of the chapels, of which there were at least six, scattered over the territory of the tribe, where they had been ministered to by the assistant clergy.

When this came to Cadell's ears, he had his horse saddled, and attended by some of the men-at-arms, rode to the residences of these vicars, dismissed them from their offices, and had them removed by the bishop's retainers and thrust over the borders, with a threat of imprisonment should they return.

On the following Sunday the church of Cynwyl was as deserted as before. "He has deprived us of our pastors," said the people. "He cannot rob us of our God."

Then as Cadell learned that they had assembled in the chapels, and had united in prayer under the conduct of one

of the elders, he rode round again, and had the roofs of these chapels removed.

"This is better," said the people. "There is naught now betwixt us and God. He will hear us the readier."

The day arrived for the benediction of the waters of the Annell. Then it transpired that the rod of Cynwyl had been abstracted from the church. In a rage, Cadell sent for the hereditary custodian.

Morgan appeared with imperturbable face. "Ah!" said he, "this comes of having here such godless rascals as you have, foreigners who respect nothing human and divine. You brought forth the staff to lay it on the body—and this before all eyes. These rapacious men saw that there was gold on the case, and that stones of price were encrusted therein. Had they stolen the case and left the wooden staff, it would not have mattered greatly. But what to them are the merits of one of our great saints? They regard them not."



"Merciful heavens, angels and saints protect me!"

Rogier now considered that it were well to hasten matters to a conclusion. He accordingly sent round messengers to every principal farmhouse to summon a meeting of the elders in the council-house, that he might know whether they were ready with the fine, and what measures they had taken to raise it.

Cadell was dissatisfied and uneasy. He sat ruminating over the fire. The hall that had escaped being burnt had been accommodated for his occupation without much difficulty, as such articles as were needed to furnish it were requisitioned without scruple from the householders of Caio.

But Cadell was discontented. In a few days the bishop's servants, who had brought him to the place and had seen him there installed, would be withdrawn. Then he would be left alone in the midst of a hostile and incensed population. Although they might not overtly resist him, they would be able in a thousand ways to make his residence among them unendurable. He might wring from them their ecclesiastical dues, but would be unable to compel those many services, small in themselves, which go to make life tolerable. He had already encountered reluctance to furnish him with fuel, to supply him with meal and with milk, to fetch and to carry, to cook and to scour. To get nothing done save by the exercise of threats was unpleasant when he was able to call to his aid the military force placed at his disposal; when, however, that force was withdrawn, the situation would be unendurable.

If there had been a party, however small, in the place that favoured the English, he would have been content; but to be the sole representative of the foreign tyranny, political as well as ecclesiastical, under which the people writhed, was beyond his strength. And the situation was aggravated by the fact that he was himself a Welshman, and was therefore regarded with double measure of animosity as a renegade.

He was uneasy, as well, on another head. Rogier had let drop a hint that his brother intended to reduce the Archpriesthood of Caio to a mere vicariate on small tithes, and to appropriate to himself the great tithe with the object of eventually endowing therewith a monastery in the basin of the Cothi, probably by the tarns at the southern end. "We shall never crush the spirit out of this people," said Rogier, "unless we plant a castle on Pen-y-ddinas, or squat an abbey by those natural fishponds at Talley."

If this were done, then he, Cadell, would have been inadequately repaid for the vexations and discomforts he would be forced to endure.

The troop sent with him, Cadell could not but see, had done their utmost to roughen his path. They had exasperated the people beyond endurance.

As he sat thus musing a young man entered cautiously, looked around, and sidled towards him. He was deformed.

The chaplain looked up and asked what he required.

"I have come for a talk," said the visitor. "May I sit? I know this hall well; it belonged to my father. I am Goronwy, son of the former Archpriest Ewan or John, as you please to call him."

Cadell signed to a seat. He was not ill-pleased at a distraction from his unpleasant thoughts, and he was not a little gratified to find a man of the place ready to approach him without apparent animosity or suspicion.

"You do not appear to me to have a pleasant place," pursued Goronwy. "I saw a beetle once enter a hive. The bees fell on him, and in spite of his harness, stung him to death, and after that built a cairn of wax over him. There he lay all the summer, and every bee that entered or left the hive trampled on the mound of wax that covered their enemy."

"Their stings shall be plucked out," said Cadell.

"Aye, but you cannot force them to furnish you with honey, nor prevent them from entombing you in wax. They will do it—imperceptibly, and tread you under foot at the last."

Cadell said nothing to this; he muttered angrily and contemptuously, and drew back from the fire to look at his visitor.

A lad with a long face, keen, beady eyes, restless and cunning, long arms, and large white hands. His body was mis-shapen and short, but his limbs disproportionately long.

"I should have been Archpriest here," pursued he; "but because I am not straight as a wand, they rejected me. In your Latin Church, are they as particular on this point?"

"We can dispense with most rules—if there be good reason for it."

"Do you think, in the event of your getting tired of being here, among those who do not love you, that you could make room for me?"

"For you!" Cadell stared.

"Aye! I ought to have been chief here, only they passed me over for Pabo. I have a hereditary right to be both chief and priest in Caio."

Then Cadell laughed.

"You are a mis-shapen fool," he said; "dost think that Bishop Bernard would give thee such a place as this—to foment rebellion against him?"

"He might give it to me, if I undertook to do him a great service, and to bring the place under his feet."

"What service could such as you render?"

"Would not that be a service to bring all Caio into subjection? See! I doubt not that a good fat prebend would be more to your liking than this lost valley among the mountains, traversed by the Sarn Helen alone, which was a road frequented once when the Romans were here, and the gold-mines were worked, and Lloventum was a city. But now—it is naught. Few use it."

Cadell mused on this astonishing proposal.

It was quite true. He would rather far be a canon at St. David's, with nothing to do, than be stationed here in this lonely nook surrounded by enemies. Caio, however, with Llansawel and Pumpsaint, its daughter benefices, was a rich holding, and not to be sacrificed except for something better. Yet he feared the intentions of Bernard with regard to it.

"You see," continued Goronwy, "that the people are so maddened at what has been done and so bitterly opposed to you that were I appointed in your room—"

"But you are not a priest."

"Was not Bernard pitchforked into the priesthood and episcopate in one day? Could not something of the sort be done with me?"

Again Cadell was silent.

Goronwy suffered him to brood over the proposal.

"If you were to leave for something better they would hail me as one of themselves, and their rightful chief. And I would repay the bishop and you for doing it."

Still Cadell did not speak.

Then Goronwy drew nearer to him. His small eyes contracted and his thin lips became pointed as he said, "Pabo is not dead."

Cadell started.

"Dead! I know he is dead! I saw his body!"

Goronwy broke into a mocking laugh.

"I saw him—charred; and I had him buried under a dungheap outside the church garth, as befitted one struck down by the judgment of Heaven."

"Pabo is not dead," repeated Goronwy jeeringly.

"He is dead. It was a manifest miracle. I have told the bishop of it. It would spoil everything if, after I had announced it, he were found not to be dead."

"Yes," said the young man, rubbing his large hands together, "it would spoil everything."

Then, seized by a sudden terror, Cadell exclaimed, "It was threatened—the staff of Cynwyl would raise the dead. It has done it before."

"Oh! the staff of Cynwyl had naught to do with it."

"Merciful heavens, angels and saints protect me! If that burned lump is raised, and walks, and were to come here, and—come to me when in bed—!" In the horror of the thought, Cadell was unable to conclude the sentence. But he broke forth: "It is not so. If he be alive, he is no longer under the dungheap where he was laid. I will go see."

"Go, by all means," said Goronwy, and laughed immediately.

"Tell me more. You know more."

"Nay, go and see. I will tell nothing further till I have a written and sealed promise from the bishop that he will appoint me Archpriest of Caio."

Cadell ran from the hall. Filled with terror, he got together some of the men of the bishop, and they searched where the burnt body had been laid. It was not there.

Back to the hall came the chaplain. Goronwy still sat over the fire warming and then folding and unfolding his hands.

"He is gone. He is not where we buried him," gasped Cadell.

"Oh, he is gone! I told you Pabo was alive. He is walking to and fro—when the moon shines you may see him. When it is dark he will come on you unawares, from behind, and seize you."

Cadell covered in alarm. "I would to Heaven I were out of this place!" he gasped.

"Now, mark you," said Goronwy. "Get the promise of this Archpriesthood for me, and I will deliver Pabo, risen from the dead, into your hands, and, if he desire it also, Morwen into the arms of Rogier."

CHAPTER XIII.

IT MUST BE MAINTAINED.

Rogier broke into a roar of laughter, when Cadell, with white face and in agitated voice, told him that Pabo was not dead.

"Sdeath!" he exclaimed. "I never quite believed that he was."

"Not that he was dead?" cried the chaplain. "Did you ever see a man burnt as black as a coal and live after it?"

"That was not he. I doubted it then."

"It must have been he. He was buried as a dog in a dungheap, and"—Cadell lowered his voice—"he is no longer there."

"Because these fellows here have removed the body and laid it in consecrated ground. It was a trick played on us, clever in its way, though I was not wholly

convinced. Now I shall let them understand what it is to play jokes with me. I can joke as well."

"But what do you mean, Rogier?"

"That these Welsh rogues have endeavoured to make us believe that the old Archpriest is dead, so that our vengeance might be disarmed and he allowed to escape. He is in hiding somewhere. Where is that fellow who informed you?"

"Nothing further is to be got out of him."

"We shall see."

"I pray you desist. He may be useful to us; but it must not be suspected that he is in treaty with us."

"There is some reason in this. I shall find out without his aid."

"Do nothing till I have seen the bishop. He will be very distressed—angry. For I assured him that a miracle had been wrought. It was such an important miracle. It showed to all that Heaven was on our side."

Rogier laughed.

"We can cut and carve for ourselves without the help of miracles," said he.

"I shall go at once," said Cadell; "the bishop must be communicated with immediately—and his pleasure known."

Bernard of St. David's was at his castle of Llawhaden, near Narberth. He was there near his Norman friends and supporters. He had no relish for banishment to the bare and remote corner of Pembrokeshire stretching a hand into the sea, as though an appeal from Wales to Ireland for assistance. Moreover, Bernard was by no means assured that his presence where was the throne would be acceptable, and that it might not provoke some second popular commotion which would cost him a further loss of teeth. Llawhaden lay in a district well occupied by Norman soldiers and Flemish settlers. The residence there was commodious in a well-wooded and fertile district. The castle was strong, secure against surprises, built by architect and masons imported from Normandy, as were all those constructed by the conquerors throughout the South of Wales.

In Llawhaden Bernard lived like a temporal baron, surrounded by fighting men, and never going abroad without his military retinue. It was said that he ever wore a fine steel-chain coat of mail under his woollen ecclesiastical habit. In his kitchen, as about his person, no native was suffered to serve, so suspicious was he lest an attempt should be made on his life, by poison or by dagger.

Happily, he was not required to perform any ecclesiastical functions, for he was profoundly ignorant of these; but the situation was such that he was not required to ordain clergy or consecrate churches. Clergy were not lacking. The ne'er-do-weels of England, men who were for their immorality or crimes forced to leave their cures, hasted to Wales, where they readily found preferment, as the great object in view with the invaders was to dispossess the natives of their land and of their churches.

"So you are here," said the bishop. He spoke with inconvenience, as one front tooth had been knocked out and another broken. Unless he drew down his upper lip, his words issued from his mouth indistinctly, accompanied by a disagreeable hiss. "Hah!—have the bumpkins paid up so readily that you are here with the money? How many marks have they had to disgorge?"

"Your fatherliness," said the chaplain, "I have brought nothing with me save unsatisfactory tidings."

"What! They will not pay?"

"They can be made to find the silver," said Cadell; "of that I do not doubt. For centuries those men of Caio have prospered and have hoarded. Other lands have been wasted, not theirs; other stores pillaged, theirs have been untouched."

"It is well. They will bear further squeezing. But what ails thee? Thou lookest as though thou hadst bitten into a crab-apple."

"I have come touching the miracle."

"Ah! to be sure—the miracle. I have sent despatches containing complete accounts thereof to his Majesty King Henry, and to my late gracious mistress, the Queen. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who consecrated me at Westminster, looked as sour as do you. He would fain have had the consent of the Pope, as father of Christendom, but the King would brook no delay, and the Archbishop was not so stubborn as to hold out—glad in this, to get a bishop of St. David's to swear submission to the stool of Augustine. I have sent him as well a narrative of the miracle; it will save his conscience to see that Heaven is manifestly with me. Moreover, I have had my crow over Urban of Llandaff. He has not a miracle to boast of to bolster up his authority."

"My gracious master and lord, I grieve to have to assure you that there has been some mistake in the matter for which I am in no way blameworthy."

"How a mistake?" asked Bernard testily.

"There has been no miracle."

"No miracle! But there has. I have it in your own handwriting."

"I wrote under a misapprehension."

"Misapprehension, you Welsh hound! You misapprehend your man, if you think I will allow you to retract in this matter."

"I really do not know what to say, for I do not know

what to think about the circumstance. It is, I fear, certain that Pabo lives."

"Pabo lives! Why you saw him burnt to a coal! I have your written testimony. You invoked the witness of the Dean of Llandeilo, and he has formally corroborated it. I have it under his hand. You declared that there were hundreds who could bear testimony to the same."

"Lord Bishop, I cannot now say what is the truth. It is certain that your brother and we all were shown the charred relics of a man, whom the inhabitants of Caio were proceeding to inter with the rites of religion, as their late Archpriest. When I learned that he had died by fire, by the judgment of God, then I stayed the ceremony, and bade that his body should be laid under a dunghheap."

"You did well. It is there still."

"It is not, my Lord Bishop."

"Do you mean to declare that he is risen from his grave?"

"Your brother is of opinion that we have been deceived by the tribesmen of Caio, so as to make us suppose that

"I know not. The young man I speak of is ready to assist us to secure him."

"I do not want him. I want and will have my miracle. Did you not hear me? When I visited Caio, I said to Pabo that I would call down fire from heaven upon his head. I take you to witness that you heard me."

"But what, my dear master and lord, if he were to appear, and all men were to discover that there had been no miracle?"

"I will have my miracle," persisted Bernard in petulant tones. "I have gone too far with it to retract. Odds' life! I should become a laughing-stock all through Wales; and I know well the humour of his Majesty. Over his cups he would tell the tale and burst his sides with laughing; and he would cast it in the teeth of my gracious mistress, the Queen. I have gone too far—I will have my miracle. If there be a man who is going about calling himself Pabo the Archpriest, let him be arrested as an impostor."

"There will be talk concerning it."

"There must be no noise. By the Seven Sleepers

some other place of usefulness, such as a canonry at St. Davids, he protests that were he named to the Archpriesthood, he would in all way subserve your interests. As he belongs to the chieftain's family, he would be well received by the people, and their suspicions disarmed."

"Well, well, promise him anything—everything. I shall not be bound to performance. But hark you, Master Cadell! If this miracle be a little breathed upon, then you must contrive me another that cannot be upset by scoffers. Find me a paralytic or a blind person whom I may recover. That would go mightily to confirm the miracle of the burning of Pabo. And bid my brother act warily and proceed secretly, require him to treat this dissembler as what he is—a personator of a man who is on sure warrant dead, slain by the judgment of God."

"I would fain have it under your hand and seal," said Cadell. "Your brother Rogier acts after his own will, and is not amenable to my advice."

"You shall have it—also a letter to Gerald of Windsor. Get you away now. The epistles shall be ready by night, and you shall ride at cockcrow. And, mind you this, Master Cadell, if you lust after a canonry, provide me a new



"I will have my miracle," persisted Bernard in petulant tones.

this their Archpriest and chief was dead, and that he is now in concealment somewhere. He further saith that the people have secretly removed the dead man from the place where cast, and have laid him in the churchyard."

"But—who can he have been?"

"I know not."

"And I care not," said the bishop. "Pabo was struck by fire from heaven, because he opposed me. Why when Ahaziah sent captains of fifty with their fifties against the prophet Elijah, did not lightning fall and consume them and their fifties twice? Is a ragged old prophet under the law of Moses to be served better than me, a high prelate under the Gospel? I see but too plainly, Cadell, you, being a Welshman, would rob me of the glory that appertains to me. What grounds have you for this preposterous assertion?"

"There is a young man, the son of a former Archpriest, who has been slighted and overpassed, and has harboured resentment against Pabo. He came to me secretly and told me that we had been deceived—they used subtlety so as to be able the more effectually to conceal their chief from your just resentment."

"I do not believe a word of it. I have written and sent certified testimonies that Pabo was burned by fire from heaven. Where is this alleged Pabo?"

of Ephesus, we must hush it up! As a minister of the Truth, a prelate of the Church, it is my sovereign duty to put down all imposition. Go now! I will even send a letter to Gerald of Windsor, who is at his castle of Carreg Cennen, in a retired vale away from every road, and from most habitations. I will bid him receive this false Pabo, and take such measures that the wretched impostor trouble us no more. As to my brother, bid him, if he lay hand on this dissembler and deceiver of men, this lying rogue, to get him away unnoticed, and with no noise, out of Caio, where he may be observed, and to send him under escort and by night to Gerald at Carreg Cennen."

"It shall be so. And—with regard to the young man of whom I spake?"

"That young man is a pest. Why should he have disturbed us with his suggestions?"

"I venture to remind your fatherliness that he has but allowed us to see what is at work behind our backs. He tells us what is known to all men in Caio. Pabo might come forward at any time and show that he is alive."

"That is true. What further about this young man?"

"He offers to be the means of putting Pabo in our power."

"And his price?"

"In the event of your fatherliness transferring me to

miracle. As to that already wrought, at all hazards it must be maintained. Not on my account. I am a poor worm, a nothing! But for policy, for the good of the Cause; lest these Welsh should come to crow over us."

(To be continued.)

The little band of surviving Balacava heroes is rapidly diminishing. Last week saw the funeral, at St. Pancras Cemetery, East Finchley, of John Smith, late of the 17th Lancers, who took part in the engagements of Alma and Inkerman, the Charge of the Light Brigade, and the Siege of Sebastopol. "Fighting Smith," as he was called by his comrades, was escorted to his last resting-place by a guard of the 17th North Middlesex Rifle Volunteers. After the burial service was concluded the escort fired the customary three volleys over the grave. It is related of "Fighting Smith" that during the heat of the Balacava charge he found that the thick overcoats of the Russians were almost sword-proof, so he gave up cutting and did deadly execution with the thrust. Seeing one of his comrades making poor practice in "sabring the gunners there," he shouted, "Don't cut 'em, man, give 'em the point," a hint upon which more than one trooper acted to the enemy's loss. Smith was seventy-nine years of age.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY IN LONDON, FEBRUARY 14.

DRAWN BY HAL HUEST.

The ancient festival of St. Valentine, of which poor Ophelia sang, has, in recent years, fallen into neglect; but although outward observance of the day may be slight, our Artist seems to be persuaded that, as the old verse has it, "Cupid still calls at a pretty girl's door."



MARDI GRAS IN PARIS, FEBRUARY 14.

DRAWN BY OSCAR WILSON.

On Mardi Gras (Shrove Tuesday) in Paris the Carnival is at its height. Holiday-makers pelt each other with confetti until the streets are ankle-deep in the paper snow. The police insist that every handful shall be freshly thrown and of one colour, and that no confetti be picked up.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

London began to fill up quickly at the end of last week. Politicians of both Houses poured into the clubs, and the wives of politicians made Piccadilly a lively roadway, despite the campaign against the "crawling" cab. The caterers' carts were in evidence in the byways, providing for the customary Parliamentary dinners. Lord Kimberley had not many Liberal Peers at his board; but Lord Rosebery, at a dinner on non-political lines, was the host of the Prince of Wales. Contemporary with so many arrivals was one conspicuous departure. It was that of Sir William Harcourt, who, accompanied by Lady Harcourt, left Charing Cross last Saturday morning for the Riviera. The going away of the ex-leader of the Liberal Party was entirely private by his own wish; and his withdrawal from England on the eve of the meeting of the party to elect his successor was partly intended to contribute to the freedom of discussion, and to emphasise the fact that Sir William Harcourt wished to be considered on that occasion as an absentee to whom no further appeal could be addressed. Later, Sir William will go to Naples, and there, as chance would have it, he is not unlikely to find a fellow-visitor in the person of Lord Rosebery.



THE STANHOPE MEMORIAL AT HORNCASTLE.

Faithful and true, he had served his country well and had earned universal esteem. The people of Horncastle would cherish the monument of a kind landlord and generous neighbour. The monument was formally handed over to the town through the Urban Council. A luncheon in the Corn Exchange followed the ceremony. The structure is placed about the centre of the market-place, and is of octagonal shape, about 7 ft. in diameter at base above the short flight of steps it stands on, the total height being 32 ft. Its character and design are of purely English Gothic, such as flourished in the latter half of the fourteenth century, and the materials employed, white Bath stone, relieved by red Dumfries stone and polished red Aberdeen granite. The lower portion is solid throughout, each of the eight sides having richly diapered panels in a polished red granite setting with crocketed pediments, and in one of the panels is a bronze medallion likeness of the late Mr. Stanhope; in three others are respectively the Stanhope arms, the Town arms, and the following inscription (all upon shields): "Erected by public subscription in memory of the Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, M.P. for this division of the county 1874 to 1893." The middle and upper part, on the contrary, are of open-work description, extremely light and graceful, the arcading being supported by red polished granite columns with beautifully carved white capitals. The lantern is covered with lead, and is surmounted by an ornamental finial of gun-metal.

Lord Meath's scheme for providing military drill for boys from thirteen to eighteen years of age has elicited a general expression of approval, though it raises various vexed questions of ways and means. One proposal is that the War Office should further extend such capitation grants for Cadet Battalions as it now makes to those in Liverpool, West Surrey, East Kent, and elsewhere. Another suggestion is that municipalities should raise and maintain Cadet Battalions, and the Southwark Cadets under Colonel Salmond are brought into evidence. One way or the other, all authorities count on two beneficial results from Lord Meath's proposal, if it is carried into effect. The first is the vastly improved physique of the drilled boy, and the second the enormous advantage to the Army of having recruits already in some measure trained for the soldiering career.

The election expenses of the Hon. Walter Rothschild in the Aylesbury Division of Bucks have been returned at £346 8s. 9d. The days are changed indeed since men who were not millionaires were spending £60,000 or £80,000 on such contests. The sum of £40,000, for instance, is that mentioned by Mrs. Disraeli, in her much quoted letter to Sir Robert Peel, as having been spent by her first husband in the service of the party at a quiet place like Maidstone.

Various mysterious disappearances of one kind and another have been vaunted of late, from the fabulous sum at Parr's Bank to the Chester lady or the German prince. But the most mysterious disappearance of all is that of the vanished island

in the Pacific. The Falcon Island is no longer a neighbour of Tonga, as it has been for some thirteen years. It had its birth in a volcanic upheaval at that time, and it found its way into the map. Now it has suddenly sunk, as if it were a ship, and it lies under three fathoms of water. In vain has I.M.S. Penguin sought for the Falcon on the surface of the waters. By taking soundings, however, it was able to discover the derelict island, whose banishment from the map must now be decreed.

The quaint page of early typography reproduced herewith is peculiarly interesting, as it belongs to the second printed book (bearing place, date, and printer's name) in existence. This is the reprint of the "Psalter" printed at Mainz in 1459 by Fust and Schoeffer. The original Mainz Psalter, which was the first printed book bearing date, place, and printer's name, was printed by the same printers in August 1457. It was in large missal type. The same types were used for the reprints of 1459, 1490, and in 1502. Schoeffer himself manufactured the types for this work. The copy of the Psalter from which our illustration is taken has just been valued by Mr. Quaritch at £5250, the highest price ever put upon a book. In 1884 it fetched £4950 at the Syson Park sale. It is printed on vellum, and was used in the Monastery of St. James at Mainz. The page shows part of the first Psalm. Above it are the curious diamond notes of the Gregorian music. The copy in question is at present in the market. None of its kindred has been offered for sale for over a century.

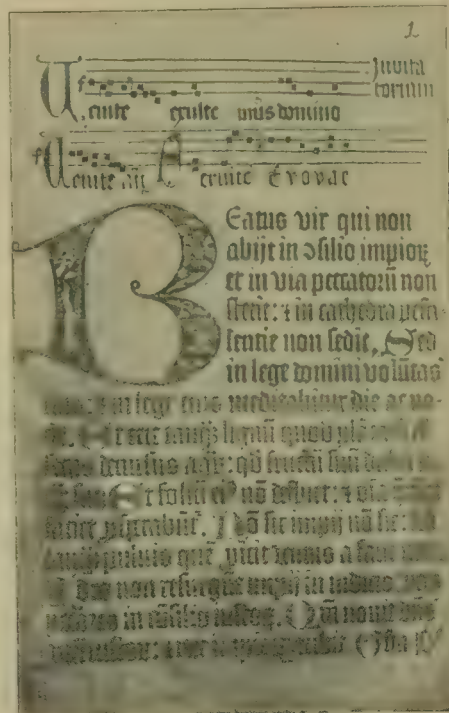
The Emperor William has been making some very lofty allusions to his expedition to the Holy Land. His words are the words of one who took a pilgrimage rather than a tour; and his "dear men of Brandenburg" have been informed of the deep emotions with which their sovereign stood on the Mount of Olives, and how he then and there swore anew his military oath to God to leave nothing undone to weld together his people in unity. The Emperor went on to tell a story of the Fathers of German federation meeting together when their work was done, and agreeing that all that remained to them was "to watch the growth of the tree," the tree being the imperial oak of Germany. "Before the tree," the Kaiser continued, "stands the German Michael, his hand on the hilt of his sword, looking afar, in order to protect it. Secure is the peace which is sheltered by the shield of the German Michael, and is defended by his sword."

We have in previous issues dealt very fully both pictorially and in description with the reinterment of Columbus at Seville. The present illustration shows the latest resting-place of the relics in the crypt of Seville Cathedral. Close to the tomb stands the Duke of Veragua, the present representative of the great discoverer's kith and kin.

The Duke of Veragua.



THE REINTERMENT OF COLUMBUS IN SEVILLE CATHEDRAL: THE LAST RESTING-PLACE IN THE CRYPT.



PAGE FROM THE MAINZ PSALTER.

The second printed book with date, place, and printer's name.

The New Children's Ward in the Isle of Wight County Hospital at Ryde, which but for the death of Prince Alfred, her Majesty would have opened on Feb. 8, has been built in connection with the north block, which until recently has been used for the reception of fever patients. The fever block has been altered to fit the new addition for the purposes of isolation only. Two wards have been provided, one for men and one for women, with two nurses' rooms. A corridor on the east side gives access to the new ward. The space between the old buildings is covered by a glass roof and main building. The new block contains, on the ground floor, entrance lobby, ward scullery, nurses' room, ward for ten cots, large sun-room, and the necessary lavatory accommodation. The ward is 45 ft. long, 24 ft. wide, and 12 ft. high, giving 7 ft. 6 in. wall space, 90 ft. floor space, and 1080 ft. cubic space per cot. A considerable area is also reserved for access to sun-room and lavatory block. A verandah is placed on the south side with a glass roof, access to it being obtained from the ward. The sun-room is placed at the east end, and is polygonal in form. Messrs. Young and Hall, of Southampton Street, Bloomsbury, W.C., are the architects, and the work has been carried out by Mr. Langdon, of Ryde. A very fine bust of the Queen, by Mr. E. Onslow Ford, R.A., has been placed over the verandah entrance.

The Burrator Reservoir, which was completed on Sept. 21 last year, is situated on Dartmoor, ten miles from Plymouth. It is a mile and a half long and half a mile broad. Plymouth owes her first regular water-supply to Sir Francis Drake, who cut a channel known as "the leat" from the river Meavy to the town. This supply has occasionally proved inadequate, hence the construction of the Burrator Reservoir was begun in 1893 at the point where the leat and the Meavy join. Two great dams were raised across the Burrator Valley. The cost was



NEW WING OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTY HOSPITAL.

Photo. Mullins, Ryde.

that memorable series of books which delivered to England a message of purity of literature, purity of art, and purity of life, and which only the author's illness in the middle of the 'eighties brought to an abrupt termination. Mr. Ruskin, living in retirement at Brantwood, Coniston, has now little concern with a world upon which he has himself wrought so deep an impression. In the department of ethics he has made a change in England not less marked than that produced by the Oxford Movement on religious forms and feelings; and his impress may be seen in daily life on the very furniture and fittings of nearly every household. The eightieth birthday of so great a benefactor of his generation was not allowed to pass without as many marks of public and private homage as could be offered in view of the octogenarian's own state of health. Though Mr. Ruskin no longer writes the letters that have been our delight in past years, he can still read letters addressed to him or be made acquainted with their contents. The occasional visitors he receives come away with stories of the wonderful gentleness of the great author, whose long white beard gives the aspect of a prophet of the future to one who has been so long a student and almost a diviner of the past.

London is a dull place on a Saturday afternoon, and if there is to be a fire at all in Waterloo Place, one would say that the weekly half-holiday was the fortunate moment for an unfortunate event. It was just dark enough, too, for flames to have their full decorative value when last Saturday afternoon the rumour ran through Piccadilly that Her Majesty's Theatre was on fire. A great crowd at once gathered in front of Nos. 8 and 9, Waterloo Place, whence heavy columns of smoke were seen to be rising, and where a man on the second floor rushed to a verandah and shouted for help. A fire-escape brought him below with expert speed; and some fourteen engines, the arrival of which was in itself a pretty display for the crowd that had no anxiety about risk to life and not much about destruction of property, were hardly needed to subdue the modest flames. The little irony of the situation was that the fire had occurred, not in the theatre, but in the offices of a Fire Insurance Company.



BURRATOR STORAGE RESERVOIR, PLYMOUTH.

Photo. Shalbeer, Plymouth.

£15,000. Since the opening day in September, when the water was formally impounded, the reservoir has been partly filled and emptied three or four times in order to get rid of impurities. The great artificial lake has now, however, been filled to its utmost capacity, and a dazzling sheet of water covers the ground which not long ago was under cultivation and dotted over with houses and trees. Our illustration shows the promontories formed by Livingstone and by the quarries below the new Sheepstor Road, the Sheepstor Dam, and the reach to the Head Weir.

The Bank of Madras has begun the New Year in a new building of quite exceptional beauty and size. As a bank, it ranks among the most important in the Dependency, having something of the semi-official character which belongs in London to the Bank of England. Not that the banking system at home and in India can be very closely compared. The native in the East does not trust his money to the keeping of others with the confidence that marks the depositor in the West. He hoards his wealth at home. His gold is often to be found buried in his garden or hidden under his floor, and this in amounts so large that men, in the time of famine riots, find it necessary to set apart as many as fifty hirelings to guard their treasure. Even so, the Bank of Madras has its depositors in plenty; and, in its new quarters, will take no mean part in the settlement that some day must be made in the vexed matters of Indian currency.

Eighty years is a long tenure of life, but "Only eighty!" was an exclamation made by many people on hearing that Mr. John Ruskin had completed his four score of years on Wednesday last. The fact is that Mr. Ruskin achieved his fame when he was very young, and that he was vaguely regarded as the contemporary of Carlyle. The son, as we know, of "an entirely honest merchant," a wine-merchant of Billiter Street, John Ruskin went to Christ Church, Oxford, and while still an undergraduate got to work at "Modern Painters," the first of



Photo. Younghusband, Madras.

THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE BANK OF MADRAS, OPENED ON JANUARY 1.



Photo. Dall, Regent Street.
MR. ALFRED EAST (NEW A.R.A.)



"THE SILENCE OF THE MORNING."—ALFRED EAST.



"THE SLEEPY RIVER SOMME."—ALFRED EAST.



MR. A. S. COPE (NEW A.R.A.)



PORTRAITS OF SEVEN SISTERS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY A. S. COPE.

THE NEW ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

At the general assembly of the Royal Academy, held at Burlington House on Jan. 31, three new Associates, Mr. Arthur S. Cope, Mr. Alfred East, and Mr. W. Goscombe John, were elected. M. Jules Bréton was elected an Honorary Foreign Academician.

Mr. Cope has made a reputation in England for portrait-painting. In the last Academy he exhibited five portraits, including those of the late Viscountess Portman and of Lord Colville of Culross.

Mr. Alfred East has already gained numerous distinctions from foreign Academies for his landscape painting. Mr. East, who is a native of Kettering, is in his fiftieth year. He studied first at the Government School of Art in Glasgow, and afterwards at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and under M. Julian. He is Gold Medallist of Paris and Munich, *hors concours* of the Paris Salon, and has been an exhibitor at the Royal Academy for the last sixteen years.

Mr. W. Goscombe John is a young Welsh sculptor, whose work gives the brightest promise. He recently designed a monument to four Llansannan celebrities and a silver drinking-horn weighing 800 oz., set with precious stones, which Lord Tredegar is to present to the "Gorsedd."

M. Jules Adolphe Aimé Louis Bréton is one of the most distinguished of French painters. He was born in 1827, and studied under Felix de Vigne and Drölling. He is a member of the leading Continental artistic societies. His public career began in 1849.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The many friends of "A. K. H. B." will rejoice to know that he has been cheered in his recovery by the preferment

of his son, the Rev. Herbert Boyd, to the Rectory of Cliffe, in Kent. The living is reputed to be worth £1000 a year, but is understood to produce very much less. Readers of Dr. Boyd's delightful books about St. Andrews have learned to regard "my curate son" with a kindly personal interest.

the Tabernacle Lower Hall. The large gathering of members and friends was delighted to see that Mrs. Spurgeon was equal to such an occasion. She remained from about three to five o'clock, but the guests did not finally disperse until late in the evening. The office-bearers of the Tabernacle are well pleased with the satisfactory progress now being made in the work of rebuilding.

All the municipal authorities of South London have been invited by the Bishop of Southwark to attend a special service on Monday evening, Feb. 13, in the Collegiate Church of St. Saviour, Southwark, to commemorate the restoration of that historic edifice.

Canon Gore will renew his lectures on the Epistle to the Romans during Lent for the Friday afternoon services at Westminster Abbey. Seats will be reserved for men as on previous occasions.

The Bishop of Rochester is to spend Feb. 12 and 13 in Cambridge on behalf of the College Missions in South London, which have long been a great source of help to the diocese.

Much sympathy is felt with the Bishop of Chester in the sad loss which has befallen him by the death of his eldest son, Mr. Francis Herbert Garland Jayne, who was only twenty-

three years of age, and an undergraduate of Oxford. Mr. Jayne had been ill for some time from consumption.

A portrait of the Bishop of Exeter has been presented to him by friends in the diocese and elsewhere. The portrait will hang as an heirloom in the Palace beside that of his predecessor, the present Archbishop of Canterbury. A replica is also to be given to Mrs. Bickersteth. The Bishop has now completed fifty years of ministerial service. The painter of the portrait is Mr. A. S. Cope, who has secured an excellent likeness.



HOUNDS IN LEASH.

FROM THE LIFE-SIZE GROUP IN WAX BY THE LATE HARRY BATES, A.R.A.

Mr. Bates was a sculptor of brilliant performance and fine promise, whose early death, which we announced last week, is a severe loss to British plastic art.

I have not seen it mentioned that ladies were among the most enthusiastic demonstrators at the Albert Hall meeting last week. One strong Protestant told her



Two in One and Two.

MR. W. GOSCOMBE JOHN.
New A.R.A.

neighbour that she had travelled from the North of England in order to be present, and that she intended to take more than a silent part in the proceedings. When anything was said that stirred her excited feelings, she would stand up and, with a bundle of papers and a handkerchief, wave both hands. At the mention of certain names she cried loudly, "Traitors!" and when the Bishops were alluded to, she screamed, "Bundle them all out!" In various parts of the hall there were other fiery spirits whose speech and action were equally vigorous.

The mid-day services in St. Paul's Cathedral have somewhat fallen off in interest during recent years, as secondary preachers were frequently appointed. This year the list contains the popular names of the Rev. R. R. Dolling, Canon McCormick, Vicar of St. Augustine's, Highbury, and the Rev. Cosmo Lang, Vicar of Portsea. Mr. Lang will doubtless attract the largest congregations, as his term falls in Holy Week, when the Cathedral is always well filled.

One of the most important events of this week in Nonconformist circles was the reception held by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon on Wednesday, Feb. 8, in



MEMORIAL FIGURE.—BY W. GOSCOMBE JOHN.



"THE ELF."—BY W. GOSCOMBE JOHN.



BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

Drawn by Hal Burt.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Moonlight. By Mary E. Mann. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
Jadoo. By Lieutenant-Colonel N. Newnam-Davis. (Downey.)
Mam'selle Grand'mère. By F. F. F. (Laurence and Bullen.)
A Lear of the Steppes, and Other Stories. By Ivan Turgenev. (William Heinemann.)
Windylough. By Graham Travers. (Blackwood and Sons.)
Absalon's Hair: A Painful Memory. By Björnsterne Björnson. (William Heinemann.)

"Moonlight" is an able novel, original without strain, unconventional in a manner as little ostentatious as possible, but with one point of failure. A reader is arrested by the title, and when he finds it is the name given to a young man, he takes a quite special interest in that young man, and is resolved to give him the awakened attention which a subtle moonlight temperament demands for its comprehension. But there never was a more downright, definite, cocksure fellow than Valentine Dodd, who owed his name only to his handsome pale face. The reader, prepared to be subtly intelligent about Valentine, is disappointed. But he has no other cause. There is a series of admirable portraits of men and women, swiftly and vividly painted; and Miss Mann knows her business too well to take for granted that her sitters in select circles need more care, or reward care more, than do those in less genteel circumstances. Parker's Emporium is as good a scene for her skill as the drawing-room of the luxurious and complicated Mrs. Pickling. The heroine is the characterless, pleasant, and pretty girl one meets by the hundred. She is as likely as anyone else to have a story, and Miss Mann makes her story more than plausible; but she never tries to persuade us she is more than pleasant and pretty. Scarcely the gentle, interesting recluse, who was too timid for his chances, and Dodd, who grasped his with simple strength—unequal rivals, though the loser is a prosperous and cultivated man and the winner the son of a publican—stand out the more prominently against her colourless personality, which is all the world to both of them. Miss Mann's power is not easily described. But, doubtless, it consists principally of a firm grasp of facts and the cultivation of a careful style without mannerisms.

The mysterious region of dark powers and beliefs that lives on inextricable under the small world of the English rule in India, ignoring alike the enlightened energy and the frivolity of the Anglo-Saxon administration, is impressively suggested in Colonel Newnam-Davis's "Jadoo." A child, stolen for a sacrifice to Kali, the grim goddess, is rescued, to live a stormy, wretched life. Through her untrained girlhood, her unhappy marriage, with its tragic close, when she withdrew her saving hand from her drowning husband, through her later convulsive grasps after happiness, she is seen making straight for one miserable end. It comes to her in a wretched London lodging. A sickly smell of opiates is in the room, but to her it seems as if the odours of the Indian forest were in her nostrils; and the voice of the old fakir, once baulked of his sacrifice, is crying, "Hail, thou vowed to Kali! Thy task is accomplished." The writer has had a sorry tale to tell, but he has dignified it with human pity, and with his sense of the mysterious circumstances surrounding it.

You can never, on any occasion, approve of this youthful "Grand'mère" of a grown-up beauty, whose guardian she is, and whom she leads into perilous situations in the most light-hearted way. You had better give up expecting her to behave in a morally responsible fashion from the first chapter, and save yourself the trouble of holding up shocked hands when she sneaks away from her debts, flouts the proprieties, and sets every kind of bad example to her grandchild. That young person is no sage, but she has a shadow of a conscience. She is a philosopher, however, and knows Mam'selle Grand'mère cannot be other than she is on a trilling income of seven hundred a year. With ten thousand she would be everything you could desire. Chon is not censorious; she takes pleasure in her venerable relative's love-story, and even when she is no longer dependent on her grandmother's "protection," never thinks of quarrelling with or reforming so agreeable, so gay, and so pretty a connection. Besides, their sisterly relations are renewed at the end. Are they not both brides together? For Fifi's light-hearted, light-handed story we give the cordial thanks it deserves.

Two of Ivan Turgenev's most wonderful studies of humanity are contained in the new volume of Mrs. Garnett's excellent translation of his works. He has dealt with human life on a larger scale, and has treated more complex motives; but "Faust" and "A Lear of the Steppes" are, within their limits, unerring, and, though the poles apart in subject and circumstance, both have the power of haunting the imagination. In the title-story we have a picture of that Russia which, in spite of some forced and artificial links to the present, has its roots deep set in a past so wild, crude, and remote that one can imagine it almost contemporaneous with the Britain of the tragedy of Lear. But there is no borrowing. Character and action are native Russian, and the *dénouement* has no literary model. It is a page out of Turgenev's book of life as he saw it. The second story, "Faust," is a marvellous study of the effect of imaginative literature on a sensitive nature. It is the tale of an educational experiment, which aims at killing, by starvation, the suspected germ of passion in a girl's soul—an experiment doomed to tragic failure. Both stories are simple and unobtrusive in manner, but so intrinsically great that the other things one reads in the same week are apt to look very dwarfed and mean.

The old Scotch house of "Windylough" had three very distinct phases, answering to three distinct stages in the heroine's life. It was once the home of a stern, unbending Calvinist, who brought up her granddaughter on the fear of Hell and the Catechism. It was unwelcoming in these days, but very self-respecting. Later, the old Calvinist's son took up his abode there, with his austere bred child. There was a gay atmosphere. There was a good deal

of noise about of a cheerful worldly kind. There were racers in the stables, and a general doubt hanging round as to who paid the piper. This stage did not last long, happily for the reputation of the old stones. Their respectability is, however, quite restored in the end. Windylough is chosen as the married home of Wilhelmina, and the ways in it then are ways of pleasantness and peace; there is no doubtful company, and there is no Calvinism. But the Calvinistic stage is the best depicted. Painted straight from life it is, with a grim adherence to outward facts, and yet with not a little sympathy and regret for a school of heroism now passed away. The book opens finely with the episode of the child, perched on the sugar-barrel, confiding to her friend the grocer her conviction that she is not of the Elect, while her maid is flirting at the other end of the village. But we think the scene is surpassed by another, where is shown a child's wonderful ingenuity in extracting play out of the narrow opportunities of a Calvinistic Sabbath, without offence to the letter of the Sabbatarian law. In her later stages Wilhelmina goes through many phases of religious belief, and has a motley experience of life, shabby, splendid, and anxious. She has brains, and—since she is a creation of "Graham Travers"—becomes for a time an ardent student. But her experience, her studies, her religious emotions are only used to make her in the end a sympathetic woman, in whose spirituality you feel vaguely confident. The book should be as popular as "Mona Maclean," and it is very creditable to the public taste that stories so wholesome and high-minded, so gently serious, so reasonable, should be welcomed and sought after.

If we are to believe Björnson, the later Björnson, the most unpleasantly morbid country of Europe is Norway. No good of looking to the North evidently for freshness and a renewal of health. There is barbarism, according to this spokesman for his country, but it is coupled with hysterics, and the result is a kind of insanity ugly to contemplate. To say that the hero of "Absalon's Hair" has Kurt blood in him is to open a very disagreeable vista to such as have read the history of that family. He behaves as such, that is, on no occasion do we comprehend the motives or foresee the results of his conduct. His mother is a still darker puzzle, and the halo of sham intellectuality round her only deepens the shadow. The father is a brutal madman, with a mystery in his life to which we are given no clue. Every page has its tale of violence or caprice; but when everything is inexplicable interest must flag. We have a pretty close blood kinship with the Norwegians, but when they give us this kind of thing they seem more alien to us than the natives of Tahiti or Central Africa.

A LITERARY LETTER.

LONDON, FEB. 8, 1899.

The week has seen the celebration of two notable literary birthdays—those of Dickens and Mr. Ruskin. Charles Dickens was born on Feb. 7. Some of his admirers, apparently, seem to think that his birthday was Feb. 6, for on that day memorial wreaths were placed on his grave in Westminster Abbey. A less important commemoration was the rendering of stories and songs from Dickens at St. James's Hall, under the management of Mr. Edwin Drew. Quite apart from such festivities, Dickens holds as regal a sway as at any period since he began to write. The School Boards have added enormously to his public. It is curious to think, by the way, that had Dickens been born thirty years later, or the School Board arisen thirty years earlier, there would have been a quite different Dickens, and probably a far less vital and fascinating writer.

David Copperfield says that he "was born (as I have been informed and believe) on a Friday at twelve o'clock at night"; and Dickens was born on Friday, Feb. 7, 1812 (Leap Year), a few minutes before midnight.

There is an article in the *Century Magazine* for February on "What Charles Dickens did for Childhood," in which the writer, Mr. James L. Hughes, Inspector of Schools, Toronto, claims that Dickens is "worthy of a foremost place of honour with Montaigne, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Froebel as a pleader for a reverent recognition of the rights of childhood."

To preserve all the articles and books concerning Dickens is no slight task. Who among English authors has the most formidable literature associated with his name? Shakspeare, probably, if foreign criticisms be included. Byron comes next, I imagine, and after him Dickens. Probably the best Dickens collection in England is that made by Mr. W. R. Hughes, the borough treasurer of Birmingham. Mr. Hughes's collection was described in 1887 by Mr. Medlicott, of the *Birmingham Daily Mail*, in a now scarce pamphlet entitled "An Interesting Dickens Collection." Since then it has been enormously increased. Mr. Medlicott noted not less than forty-one biographies of Dickens. Mr. Hughes has not attempted to obtain a Dickens manuscript, that being a practical impossibility. All these manuscripts are in the Forster Collection at South Kensington, with two exceptions, the whereabouts of which the writer of the pamphlet would not seem to know. One of them—"Our Mutual Friend"—was shown to me by Mr. George Childs, of Philadelphia, when I called upon him some five years ago, and it is in the possession of his widow; the other—"Christmas Carol"—is owned by Mr. Stewart M. Samuel, of Hill Street, Berkeley Square.

I note that a reviewer in the *Academy* has raised considerable indignation by the suggestion that "John Halifax, Gentleman" has ceased to be a literary force. The retort is made by Hurst and Blackett, the publishers who copyrighted the book, that they have sold some twenty-four thousand copies during the year; and we learn from Mr. Saylor, of Simpkin's, that since the book has dropped out of copyright no less than nine different publishers have issued it with considerable success. The meaning of this is, of course, that one is not entitled to assume that a book is not being read when it has ceased to be talked about in so-called literary circles. That is

not seldom the time when it reaches its high-water mark of success. The error of the *Academy* writer, however, lay in the assumption that "John Halifax, Gentleman" was ever a literary force.

There are hundreds of books that go through certain processes, that are read "by everybody who is anybody" for a definite period, and are read a little later by that larger world that does not write in the newspapers, and seldom reads them. But it by no means follows that these books have been in any shape or form literary forces. "The Wide Wide World" and "Queechy" are cases in point. In the days of our grandfathers they were read by everyone; they have, it is probable, an even larger circulation to-day, but it is not quite the same audience. The same applies to "John Halifax, Gentleman," a not too healthy book, which educated church and chapel-going people in the towns delighted to read when I was a boy. To-day that class reads Mrs. Humphry Ward's books, and equally modern authors. "John Halifax," in the meantime, is being read by an audience in the country which would never have read it twenty years ago, an audience which, would then have been shocked at the flattering picture of an actress even as great as Mrs. Siddons. But it is absurd to call such books as these "literary forces." Tennyson and Carlyle, Ruskin and Ibsen are literary forces—not second-rate novelists, however popular.

Mr. Ruskin is eighty years of age to-day. We all wish him many more years of a serene old age, on the shores of that beautiful Coniston lake that he loves so well. As I write there is talk of a testimonial by his admirers. It is well known that Mr. Ruskin is not in sufficiently good health to take any very genuine pleasure in such a testimonial, were it on other grounds advisable. It is not advisable, because Mr. Ruskin has outlived those contemporaries from whom he would most have desired that kind of recognition—the great artists and the great men of letters who were in a way his equals. It was very well to offer a testimonial to Carlyle, bearing the signatures of Tennyson, Browning, and a number of other giants. Although there are unquestionably names that might honourably be attached to such a testimonial to-day, we know very well from what occurred on Mr. George Meredith's last birthday that these occasions are now made use of only in order to enable a number of very second-rate literary people to advertise themselves. It is a case in which silence is preferable.

I said in a recent Letter that I did not believe in log-rolling as an effective force in modern journalism. That there is in any appreciable degree an extravagance of praise given by this writer or by that in consideration for a further extravagance of praise in return, is assuredly wide of the mark. The editors of our journals, who are rarely writers of books, are interested in endeavouring to thwart such a condition of things. But I am not prepared to deny the existence of cliques which, with perfect disinterestedness, and often with perfect sincerity, give extravagant praise to this or that writer. That kind of thing does very little harm, however. It causes the sale of a handful of additional copies of this or that book; and, after all, the book is usually worth the reading. In ten years a proper perspective has been secured.

It is hard, for example, to divine what impulse has led to the publication in the *Quarterly Review* for January of an article on "Some Women Poets." It is probably an accident due to the interregnum arising from a change of editors. Assuredly neither so accomplished a critic as Mr. Rowland E. Prothero nor his brother, who has succeeded him, would be prepared to accept responsibility for so commonplace an article. The writer has really nothing to say. He or she is lacking utterly in perception. The judgments are not, it is true, more feeble than a thousand and one judgments of the *Quarterly* of days long gone. When that journal gave elaborate reasons for thinking that "Jane Eyre" must have been written by a man; when it welcomed the locomotive with the exclamation—

What, thirty miles an hour without horses—as soon would we be shot into the air by a Congreve rocket.

It was merely carrying out its tradition—as it carries it out in this article, but as it rarely carries it out under the present régime. It would, perhaps, not be difficult to prove that there are no women poets among us to-day; that with the death of Christina Rossetti we had entered upon an epoch of male and female versifiers, each with a well-organised *claque*, but on an epoch of the negation of poetry. I do not say that I accept that view, but it is nearer the truth than the dull writer on "Some Women Poets" in the *Quarterly* can claim to be. He has no perception of wherein lies the strength of Mrs. Browning and of Miss Rossetti. He has no intuition that one single poem by Emily Brontë reaches the high-water mark of woman's poetical utterance. He accepts Mrs. Hamilton King's "Disciples"—now nearly forgotten—as a serious effort of poetry. He places "L. E. L." and Mrs. Pfeiffer in juxtaposition, as also "Lady Wilde and M. B. Smedley."

One would think that the *Quarterly* reviewer had turned up at random some dictionary of the poets. He mentions, but without any attempt at differentiation, the names of L. N. Little, Isa Blagden, and Isa Craig-Knox, while he ignores the names of poets who have left an individual mark, as, for example, Amy Levy and Frances Wynne. The reviewer rightly names Mrs. T. P. Hatt, the American poet, but he might profitably have associated with her the name of one or other of her fellow-countrywomen, say Mrs. Moulton or Miss Guiney. All attempts, however, to "place" living writers are to be regretted. Time always revenges these futilities of criticism. With the poets who are dead the *Quarterly* reviewer also fails most egregiously, and his remarks always lack distinction. Those old reviewers, if they had neither humour nor insight, had at least smartness and brightness. Miss Rigby, for example, was very much alive. But this latter-day criticism of "Some Women Poets" is the very concentration of inept dullness. C. K. S.



BEFORE THE BLAST.

AFTER THE BLAST.

BY RAIL TO KLONDIKE: PORCUPINE CLIFFE, NEAR THE SUMMIT OF WHITE PASS, ROUND WHICH A TRACK WAS MADE BY BLASTING.



BY RAIL TO KLONDIKE: POLICE POST AT WHITE HORSE, AND TRAMWAY AROUND MILES CAÑON AND WHITE HORSE RAPIDS.

The Illustration, taken in the summer of 1898, shows the landing-place of the Yukon steam-boats, with the steamer "Flora" starting for Dawson City.



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: NO. VI.—THE GREAT INDIAN RHINOCEROS.

By LASCELLES AND CO., 13, FITZROY STREET.

The rhinoceros, which is now restricted to Africa and the East Indies, formerly inhabited the greater part of the world, and was found even in the British Islands. It is a survivor of antediluvian fauna, and seems destined ultimately to disappear. We refer our readers to the article on "Our Illustrations" page.



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: NO. VII.—THE HOME OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

By LARCELLES AND CO., 13, FITZROY STREET.

The hippopotamus is the nearest living relative to the pig. Its home is in Africa, where it haunts the reedy river banks. In the adult state it weighs some three or four tons. On "Our Illustrations" page the hippopotamus and rhinoceros are discussed at some length by Dr. Lydekker, of the British Museum.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Now all the dressmakers and buyers are in Paris seeking to discover by the aid of coin the hidden and original ideas of the leading designers of the gay city. In a short time the London emporiums of fashion will return, bearing "creations" of great price, all paid for on the spot, for the Paris house gives no credit. The most exorbitant prices have to be laid out for the models of really original and high-class designs in unimpeachable taste, so that the supply of French models is a serious item in the cost of production of our dress. Yet it cannot be avoided. No matter whether they work under a Court or a Republic, the French designers, in the clear Parisian atmosphere and for the smart Frenchwoman, invent in a manner that murky England and Englishwomen cannot inspire, and that keeps Paris in the foremost files of fashion. Spring materials, mantles for the weather that is neither wintry nor warm, and millinery to greet the lengthening rays of the sun that gain in brightness and force every day, and make the winter hats and toques look heavy and dusty while still the chill winds of winter forbid the donning of the airy "creation" of a later date, are placed before us earliest of the new styles. But even for the mid-season, nothing really new is yet on show. The proudest efforts of the most wide-awake dressmaker in the "going-away dresses" that the approach of Lent is causing to be issued with rapidity from innumerable ateliers may be denuded by the beginning of the season, and only a real necessity (such as a wedding-trip no doubt supplies) should be considered an adequate excuse for ordering a new gown at this moment. Three or four weeks more will see the general idea of next season's styles settled with some precision.

Very charming have been several of the brides' travelling dresses, most of which have gone to the South of France with their fortunate and happy wearers. Among these was the young Countess of Darnley, who indulged in two travelling-dresses, one to wear for the short journey immediately after the ceremony, and the other in which to go on to the Riviera. The first was in a most popular material for this year's Riviera gowns: white cloth. It was made with the long-tailed coat, cut away in a slope from the front, that will beyond a doubt be worn this spring; the coat could be closed straight down the centre by invisible hooks, or be worn open to show a white satin and lace blouse; white-and-gold braid trimmed the coat all along its edges, turning back with the revers and following the slope of the outway tail; the braid also appeared in two places on the skirt in three lines sloping to correspond with those of the bodice. The other costume was a putty-coloured cloth, embroidered down the bodice and in robes at each side of the tablier with chenille, the bodice opening over a narrow vest of pleated white chiffon, and turning back with revers faced with periwinkle velvet—the soft blue harmonising beautifully with the pale drab cloth. Another smart going-away dress was the Hon. Mrs. Waller's, of periwinkle cloth (that pretty bluish-mauve which is in itself so dainty, though not universally becoming to the complexion); it was made with strapped seams, and had also trimmings of strappings across the front, arranged in diagonal lines; the little coat but just turned the waist-line, and was strapped under the bust, above which it was covered by the huge revers of white satin embroidered in pink and blue shades, in a design of rosebuds and cornflowers, in silk, and edged with chinchilla—the revers passed into a high collar to match, and the toque was of chinchilla with brim

of blue velvet and shaded wings placed upright at the front.

Opals pierced like beads are much liked for the adornment at intervals of muff-chains, and also strung closely interspersed with crystal, or several rows are joined into a collar by diamond slides, for evening wear. Pink coral is a revival of the moment that is very becoming to a fair skin, and this also is combined with diamonds with the richest effect. Square pieces of pink coral are made into a necklet by being interspersed at intervals with diamonds; oval-shaped bits of coral, or round beads of it, threaded on an invisible wire, have a few diamond swags to finish and deepen the front in one case, and in another the coral is set in a ribbon-like, flexible design of gold, crossing in front, and each tip ending there with a fringe of diamonds. Needless to say, real diamonds are not needed for these charming trifles, which are so attractive because so new; the equally beautiful setting of the Parisian Diamond Company can be called into play for all novel ornaments and original designs. For the hair-dressing of the moment, too, Parisian diamonds are required, for the coiffure is mounted on the top of the head for evening wear in almost every case, and this

Diamond Company would again be applied to, at either 143, Regent Street, or 85, New Bond Street, as they make a speciality of buttons of all sizes and shapes.

NOTES.

Considerable money is already supplied for the higher education of women, and no doubt it will be an increasing amount, so that the girls of the future will have in time as liberal assistance to their higher culture as young men have now. It is known to most people that the cost of the education of young men at Oxford and Cambridge is paid for only in a small percentage by themselves. Women are far from having the same endowments in buildings, professorships, library facilities, or scholarship and prize lists, as have been accumulated in the course of hundreds of years for youths. But headway is being made rapidly. The appeal for a fund to enlarge Girton College, put forth less than a year ago, has been responded to by donations of nearly £10,000. The "savings" of the College amount to £8000, and accordingly the new building is about to begin; but a total of £50,000 is desired to carry out the plans, and is still hoped for by the committee. Last week a meeting was held in Dublin

to promote a similar purpose on behalf of the Alexandra College of that city. This is an old-established institution (as provision for women's higher education goes), having been started in 1866. Several hundreds of Irish girls have passed through the College and taken degrees at the Royal Irish University and elsewhere from its instruction. The Princess of Wales visited Alexandra College when she was in Ireland some years ago, and the favourable impression made on H.R.H. is now emphasised by her heading the subscription list for the enlargement of the buildings with the generous gift of £100. The total asked for there is £7000.

Every year we are coming to recognise more fully that the training of children, their physical and moral development, is a matter that demands study at least as much as does that of a plant or a lower animal. While the gardener and the horse-trainer studied their charges, the mother of the past evolved her plans from her own wisdom—sometimes beautifully and successfully, but only too often

very badly: so badly from the physical side that half the babies born die before their fifth birthday anniversary has come round; while as to the moral management, the general division of children into the cowed, oppressed, and wretched, or the spoiled, exacting, and selfish class, has been but too obvious. Now there are many books to be had, and more than one society exists, specially designed for the study of the question of child-training in all its branches. Before one of these, the Childhood Society, Dr. Francis Warner last week gave a lecture, pointing out that twitches of the face, constant fidgeting with the fingers, and dark marks and baggy puffs under the eyes are probably signs of brain-fag in children and not of naughtiness or bad habits. He maintained that many children supposed to be exceptionally dull are really a little deaf, or a trifle short-sighted, and urged that such children should be taken for a careful and thorough medical examination.

Though nominally it is Lady Harborton who is going to prosecute the innkeeper who refused to serve a lady clad in "rational" cycling dress, the action is really brought by that large and influential body, the Cyclists' Touring Club. The action is being taken in order to settle the question whether a hotel-keeper is entitled to refuse accommodation to any person who is perfectly decently dressed but fails to meet the standard of taste of the individual publican.

PILOMENA.



COAT OF LIGHT CLOTH EDGED WITH CHINCHILLA.



COAT OF DARK CLOTH EDGED WITH SABLE.

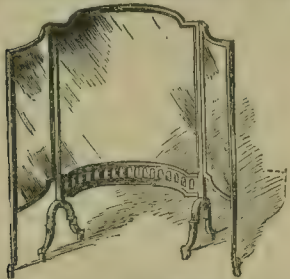
demands an addition of diamonds. You should have an aigrette, a comb of tortoise-shell enriched with diamonds, or a clasp, at any rate, if not a crown or tiara. One of the latest little accessories to the coiffure that the Parisian Diamond Company are to be thanked for providing is a slide encrusted with diamonds, and so shaped as to catch together the small hairs at the nape of the neck that are so troublesome; gathered into this, which holds them up to the lowermost coil of the coiffure, the hair is capable of being a little puffed-out above the neck in the fashionable way with the greatest ease. It should puff there and over the ears to give a fashionable look, whether the coils be placed at the back or on top of the head; and combs or slides are needed to induce it to remain thus drawn out. What should we do without the aid of the Parisian diamonds to supply the desired glitter for evening wear in such accessories?

Our Illustrations are of useful travelling or driving coats. The dark cloth coat has an edging of sable separating the cloth from the velvet band down the front, and is further trimmed with braiding on the cloth, and has motifs of braid passing over barrel-buttons to fasten it. The toque is of spotted gauze, trimmed with velvet and wings. The light cloth coat has darker velvet fronts, and is edged with chinchilla, and fastened by large diamond buttons, for which, of course, the ever-valuable Parisian

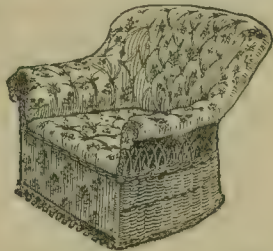
HAMPTON & SONS^{Ld.}

HAMPTON and SONS' Selection of High-class Artistic Furniture at competitive prices is one of the most tasteful, varied, and extensive in London.

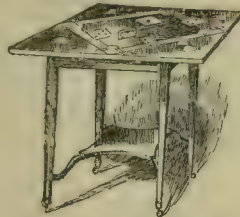
A VISIT OF INSPECTION IS ALWAYS APPRECIATED.



Hampton and Sons' Three-bay Mahogany Glazed Fire-Screen, fitted with reversible hinged, 4 ft. wide, 3 ft. 5 in. high, £3 13s. 6d.



Hampton and Sons' "Warrington" Wicker Chair, covered in Tapestry, very comfortable, stuffed over edges. Seat, 21 in. by 15 in., £1 15s.



Hampton and Sons' Mahogany Envelope Folding Card-Table, with Drawer and Lined Green Cloth, £2 19s. 6d.



Hampton and Sons' Mahogany Occasional Table, with 19 in. shaped hexagonal top and six shaped legs, £1 19s. 6d.



Hampton and Sons' Carved Oak Dwarf Bookcase, 3 ft. long, 3 ft. 6 in. high, £1 7s. 6d.

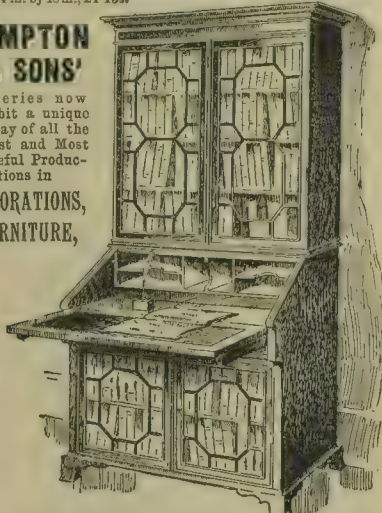


Hampton and Sons' 4-fold Tapestry Screen, 6 ft. 6 in. high, 3 ft. 4 in. wide, £4 15s. 6d. Japanese Screens.—A large selection of newly imported screens, 4-fold, 5 ft. 6 in. From 10/6.

HAMPTON & SONS'

Galleries now exhibit a unique display of all the Latest and Most Tasteful Productions in

DECORATIONS, FURNITURE,



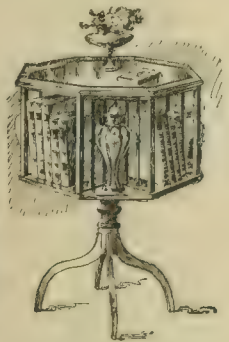
Hampton and Sons' Mahogany and Satinwood Bureau Bookcase, 3 ft. 3 in. wide, 6 ft. 6 in. high, two drawers beneath Secretaire, £10 18s. 6d.

CARPETS,
FABRICS,
BLINDS,
HOUSEHOLD
LINENS,
LACE
CURTAINS,
&c.

Comprising everything necessary for Furnishing throughout in the best manner at any degree of cost.



Hampton and Sons' Solid Carved Oak Octagonal Table, 2 ft. 6 in. diameter, with eight legs and shell, 2 ft. 6 in. high, £1 8s. 6d.



Hampton and Sons' Octagonal Revolving Bookstand, 2 ft. 4 in. high, 21 in. top, in Oak, stained green, £1 19s. 6d. Ditto, in Mahogany, £2 2s.

HAMPTON & SONS^{Ld.} Show-Rooms: PALL MALL EAST, S.W. Works: Belvedere Road, S.E.

HAMPTON & SONS^{Ld.} pay Carriage to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom on purchases over 20s.



Health in Winter.

Health and comfort in winter demand that we shall be warm within and warm without; that is, that we shall have animal as well as artificial warmth. Wholesome food and active exercise suffice for the former; substantial clothing does the rest. To enrich the blood and stimulate the circulation is therefore essential.

Bovril will help to do this. It contains all the nourishing and stimulating properties of prime, well-cooked beef in a highly condensed form. It is warmth-giving, strengthening, and invigorating, promoting health, energy, and staying power. Bovril is an ideal food for invalids and convalescents, and has proved invaluable, not only as a safeguard against Influenza, but in speedily ridding the system of an attack.

Bovril is Liquid Life.



WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

BROOKE'S

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

MONKEY BRAND

SOAP

FOR KITCHEN TABLES AND FLOORS, LINOLEUM AND OILCLOTHS.

For Polishing Metals, Marble, Paint, Cutlery, Crockery, Machinery, Baths, Stair-Rods.

FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c.

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

difference in the height of the climber on the plain and after he has ascended over 14,000 feet, may amount to an inch and a half.

The national movement for the prevention of the spread of consumption has evidently received the measure of attention that it was eminently to be desired it would attract. I think special credit is due to the Press for the manner in which journalists everywhere have sympathised with the movement. The power of the "Fourth Estate" was never employed and used in any service more humane or beneficial than in that which teaches the people how to prevent the inroads of a very dire disorder, and one which, be it remembered, is an infectious and a preventable ailment. It seems to me, however, that we are in danger of overlooking certain important experiments which were made chiefly by Drs. Arthur Ransome and Delépine on the power which light and pure air exert in destroying the bacilli or microbes to which tuberculosis is due. I observe that eight years ago it was shown that the bacilli remained active for months when they were kept (in the expectoration from affected lungs) in a hut which was built directly on a clay soil. In the converse case, bacilli exposed to the air in a healthy house standing on a sandy soil lost their infective powers. It was also noted that when bacilli were exposed to a current of pure air they were killed in three days; if to the fresh air the influence of sunlight was added, the time required for their destruction was of much shorter duration.

Seeking to discover what property in the air of unhealthy houses favours the growth of the bacilli, Dr. Ransome, I learn, has found a condition which explains the problem of this microbic vitality. Experimenting on the air from the lungs of healthy persons and of consumptive patients, and noting the characters of the air and vapours of clay soil, sandy soil, and town soils, he obtained a liquid in each case. The liquids were sterilised, and in them were soaked pieces of filter paper and of ordinary wall-paper. The papers were intended to form breeding-grounds for the bacilli of tubercle, and when the microbes were sown on the paper, they multiplied and flourished in each case. The outcome of these most noteworthy experiments has an important bearing on the prevention of consumption and on the general sanitary treatment of patients. For they prove to us that the germs of tubercle possess a wonderfully elastic constitution. They multiply, grow in the lungs and in other organs of our bodies, but they thrive equally well in the organic matter which is contained in the air we breathe out of our lungs, and in the foul vapours that arise from unhealthy soils. They inculcate the great lesson that dryness of soil and light (and plenty of it) are the natural agents to which we should look for the destruction of the microbes that convey tubercle to us. Long ago Sir G. Buchanan and Dr. Bowditch, of Boston (U.S.), also showed that according to the dryness of soil produced by good drainage, the cities in which such sanitary works were carried out, showed a marked decrease of the death-rate from consumption.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 9, 1894), with two codicils (dated March 5, 1896, and Aug. 12, 1898), of Mr. John Samuel Swire, of 31, Pembroke Square, W., Leighton House, Leighton Buzzard, and of Billiter Street, E.C., merchant, who died on Dec. 1, was proved on Jan. 27 by Mrs. Mary Swire, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £220,194. Subject to a few small annuities and legacies, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate as to one half to his son John and the other half, upon trust, for his wife during her life or widowhood, with power of appointment thereover to his children. Should Mrs. Swire again marry, the income of one fourth of his estate is to be paid to her, and the income of the other fourth is to accumulate until her decease.

The will (dated Oct. 25, 1898) of Mr. Charles Maggs, J.P., of Bowerhill Lodge, Melksham, Wilts, who died on Nov. 3, was proved on Jan. 24 by Charles William Maggs and Joseph Herbert Maggs, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £31,103. The testator gives £100, his furniture and household effects, and during her widowhood such an annual sum as, with the income of her own property, will make up £800 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Elizabeth Maggs, but should she again marry, a sum of £6500 is to be paid to her; £50 to the Rev. Philip Hawkes, and 20 guineas to his servant George Adams. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trusts, for accumulation until his youngest child attains twenty-one, when the income of £10,000 is to be paid to his wife, she being his widow, and the ultimate residue divided between all his children.

The will (dated March 11, 1896) of Mr. Charles White Gadsdon, of Ashbrook Park, Hollington, St. Leonards, and formerly of Ryde House, Stamford Hill, who died on Dec. 24, was proved on Jan. 25 by Mrs. Ann Tabitha Gadsdon, the widow, and Henry Benjamin Gadsdon, the brother, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £30,499. The testator bequeaths £100 to his brother Henry; £500 and his household furniture and effects to his wife; and his jewels and collection of coins to his son Charles Ross Gadsdon. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then upon sundry trusts for his son and his wife and children.

The will (dated March 16, 1894), with two codicils (dated July 1, 1896, and Feb. 6, 1897), of Mr. Pearson Hill, only son of the late Sir Rowland Hill, of 6, Pembroke Square, who died on Dec. 13, was proved on Feb. 1 by Mrs. Jane d'Esteire Hill, the widow, Edward Bernard Lewin Hill and Rowland Percy Walters, the cousins, the executors, the value of the estate being £24,848. The testator gives to his wife £1000, his household furniture and effects, and the interest, rents, and dividends due to him at the time of his decease; 100 guineas each to his executors; £250 each to his children Robert d'Esteire Hill, Henry Warburton Hill, and Evelyn Hill; a further sum of £500, upon trust, for his daughter Evelyn Hill; £250 to Edward Bernard Lewin Hill; and

£500 to his sister, Eleanor Caroline Fellows. He appoints to his wife, during widowhood, the income of certain funds under the will of his father. At the decease of his wife he bequeaths certain plate, presented to his father, to his son Robert. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 18, 1888) of Mr. Richard Wilshere Gould, of 10, Royal Crescent, Ramsgate, who died on Nov. 27, was proved on Jan. 10 by Sarah Ann Gould and Jack Richard Gould, the executors, the value of the estate being £30,007. The testator bequeaths £5000 and £6000 to Jack Richard Gould; £2600 and £2000 to Jack Richard Gould, jun.; £1000 to Henrietta Orman; £500 to Georgiana Plummer; £500 and £750 Metropolitan Railway Company Stock to Mrs. Emily Gould; £200 each to Henrietta Cousins, Edith Pounds, and Cecily Gould; and various shares in different companies to the daughters of J. R. Gould, and, upon trust, for Sarah Ann Gould and her sister, Mrs. Susan Ellen Knight Gneist. The residue of his property he leaves between the children of Mrs. Gneist.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1896), with a codicil (dated Feb. 15, 1898), of Mr. George Hurst, J.P., of Kingsbrook House, St. Mary's, Bedford, who died on Dec. 26, in his ninety-ninth year, was proved on Jan. 30 by Mrs. Jane Hannah Hurst, the daughter-in-law, and George Isaac Hurst, the grandson, the executors, the value of the estate being £24,100. The testator gives all his real estate and £700 debentures of the Bedford Gas Light Company, upon trust, for Jane Hannah Hurst for life, and, at her decease, as to his freehold premises in High Street, Bedford, to his grandson, George Isaac Hurst, and his granddaughter, Agnes Jane Kempson, and as to his premises in Cauldwell Street, and the said £700 debentures, to his granddaughter, Gertrude von Voigt. He also gives his shares in the London and Australian Bank and his interest in the North British Australasian Company to his grandson, Robert Augustus Hurst; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his said four grandchildren, George Isaac Hurst, Robert Augustus Hurst, Gertrude von Voigt, and Agnes Jane Kempson.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1890) of Mr. Henry Philip Le Breton, of Breddons Cliffe, Torquay, and 5, Vere Street, Cavendish Square, who died on Dec. 17, was proved on Jan. 27 by Arthur Russell Johnson, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate being £20,633. The testator bequeaths £200 to his executor, £3000 to Emily Sullivan, and £1000 to his brother Edward. The residue of his property he leaves to his sisters Ellen Charlotte and Edith Harriet, or the survivor of them, but in the case of them both predeceasing him, then to his brother Edward.

The will (dated Oct. 27, 1890), with a codicil (dated April 30, 1896), of Sir Henry Barkly, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., of 1, Bina Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Oct. 20, was proved on Feb. 1 by Dame Annie Maria Barkly, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £12,842. He gives to his grandson Henry

Pomp.



'Give me Health and a Day, and

I will make the Pomp of Emperors Ridiculous.'—EMERSON.

"As an illustration of the BENEFICIAL EFFECTS of Eno's 'FRUIT SALT,' I give you particulars of the case of one of my friends. His whole life was clouded by the want of vigorous health, and SLUGGISH LIVER and its concomitant BILIOUS HEADACHES so affected him, that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also consulting very eminent members of the faculty. By the use of your simple 'FRUIT SALT,' however, he now enjoys vigorous health, has NEVER had HEADACHE or CONSTIPATION since he commenced it, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others to whom your remedy has been SO BENEFICIAL in various kinds of complaints that I think you may very well extend its use *pro bono publico*. I find that it makes a VERY REFRESHING, SOOTHING, PURIFYING, and INVIGORATING drink.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, VERITAS."

(From the late Rev. J. W. Neil, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.)

Experience!

'We gather the Honey of Wisdom

From Thorns, not from Flowers.'—LYTTON.

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently DERANGES the LIVER. I would ADVISE ALL BILIOUS PEOPLE, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise GREAT CARE in the USE of ALCOHOLIC DRINKS; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. EXPERIENCE SHOWS that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are ALL very apt to disagree; while light, white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with pure mineral water charged only with natural gas, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is peculiarly adapted for any CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS of the LIVER; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the RIGHT TRACK TO HEALTH. A WORLD OF WOE is AVOIDED by those who keep and use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Therefore NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.

Only Truth can give True Reputation—Only Reality can be of Real Profit—The Secret of Success—Sterling Honesty of Purpose—Without it Life is a Sham!

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED a SERIOUS ILLNESS. Its effect upon any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, FEVERISH condition, or FEVERISH COLD is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a Worthless imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

PRICE SIXPENCE.**For Boys and Girls Learning to Paint.**

THE

ELLIMAN PAINTING BOOK*Nine Coloured Hunting Scenes, and Nine Black and White Copies of them to Colour.*

SEND STAMPS TO VALUE OF SIXPENCE.

Write your own Address in full quite plainly.

Published by **ELLIMAN, SONS & CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.****WINTER AILMENTS**

Lurk around us, and everyone, from the strongest man to the weakest child, runs the risk of influenza, colds, and kindred maladies, unless the system is maintained by stimulative diet; proper food is more important than warm clothing. **LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT** keeps the healthy well and strengthens invalids. Sixteen breakfast cups of strengthening, sustaining Beef Tea in a 2 oz. Jar.

Note this Signature in Blue on every Jar.

AVOID INFERIOR SUBSTITUTES.

Note this Signature in BLUE on every Jar.

AVOID INFERIOR SUBSTITUTES.

LIEBIG
COMPANY'S EXTRACT

An Inactive Liver:**The Cause of Constipation, Chilliness, Nervousness, and Low Spirits.**

An **Inactive Liver** means that you may have Impure Blood, Nausea, horrible Bilious Attacks, so that you steadily become Constipated, Depressed, even Melancholic, losing pleasure in existence, while lacking energy both for your business or pleasure.

Or the **Liver** may be too inactive to put those final touches to bread and sugar foods, by which their conversion into warmth and motor force is facilitated in the body. This is why people so frequently have cold feet and hands, especially feel the cold, are termed "chilly mortals," by their friends, and easily contract colds and chills. The Systems of such persons are deficient in resistant force and too little warmth is generated in the body.

This deficiency is readily corrected by the use of **Guy's Tonic**. It will stimulate the Liver in both its constructive and corrective work, and in the former case leads to the formation of a large amount of heat in the body, to make you feel comfortable with warm hands and feet, and an absence of any tendency to chilliness.

In addition to the warmth and comfort arising from food **Guy's Tonic** helps bring about, it further aids in the removal of biliary poisons from the Blood, and thus renders the Blood purer and more healthy, and in some undefinable way cheers the Spirits and increases the energies. Excessive bile in the Blood weighs down the Spirits and emotions so as to render patients extremely morbid and depressed. Furthermore, the removal of bile from the Blood by the help of **Guy's Tonic** not only improves the Health, Spirits and Nerves, it also disperses Constipation and costive habit of the body, for bile in the Intestines is Nature's own purgative acting easily and healthfully.

The experience of **Miss Janet Dickson**, of Milburn Bank, Southwick, Dumfries, illustrates the point. This lady writes: "I have been a martyr for years to Indigestion and Biliousness, and at times very sick, vomiting everything I ate, and sometimes the Sickness would continue for weeks at a time. I was beginning to give up hopes for ever getting any medicine to do me any good, and so when I saw **Guy's Tonic** advertised, I resolved to try it, and I am happy to say it has had the desired effect."

"Liver Complaint."

"14, Mander Street, Wolverhampton.

"I have been suffering two years with Poor Blood and from Liver Complaint. I had "gone to a skeleton, and look as yellow as if I had Jaundice. But I have taken **Guy's Tonic**, and feel better already than I have felt for twelve months. I also enjoy my "Meals now, and that is what I never used to do.

"M. HUTCHINSON."

Guy's Tonic may be obtained from Chemists and Stores throughout the World at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per Bottle.

Mappin & Webb's

(Ltd.)

FITTED DRESSING BAGS.

Illustrated Price List of
100 Varieties Post Free.



The "Trouville" Bag, in finest Morocco Leather, completely fitted with richly chased Sterling Silver Requisites, as illustrated, £26 5s.

GOODS SENT TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.

Only London Addresses:

**158 to 162, OXFORD ST., W., &
2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.**

(Facing the Mansion House).

MANUFACTORY AND SHOW-ROOMS: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK ST., SHEFFIELD.



WARING'S

WARING & GILLOW LTD

175-181, OXFORD ST., W.
175-176, SLOANE ST., S.W.

**Special Designs in Cretonnes,
Double-width Washing Tissues,
Chintzes and Lace Curtains,
Unequalled at the Price.**

... THE DAMASK STRIPED CRETONNE ...
IN RED, GREEN, BLUE, GOLD, AND PINK.



6½d. per Yard.

PATTERN
BOOKS AND
SAMPLES
POST FREE.



Yes, Sir!!

Tortoiseshell Mixture is what I smoke.

... It is a mixture of pure Tobaccos, scientifically blended, free from added scent flavoured, or sugar, which only spoil the natural aroma of the natural leaf. It differs entirely from any tobacco hitherto put before the public. Give it a trial. Sold in 1 ounce Packets, and 2, 4, and 8 ounce Tortoiseshell tins.

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c., says—

"Pure tobacco is an essential condition for the smoker as pure food and pure air . . . and your Tortoiseshell Mixture is absolutely pure and makes a cool and fragrant smoke."

Sold by all First-Class Tobacconists, everywhere.

Manufactured & Guaranteed by **W. A. & A. C. CHURCHMAN**, IPSWICH, LONDON, & NORWICH. Est. 1790.



Before going for a spin Miss Jenny is very careful not to forget to put in her glove a few Poncelet's Pastilles. She can avoid all risk of cold by keeping one in her mouth now and then when riding.

LISTEN! YOU WHO COUGH, TO GOOD ADVICE, . . . AND TAKE . . . PONCELET'S PASTILLES.

Poncelet's Pastilles are most Agreeable to the Taste. They Prevent and Cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Throat Irritation, &c., when all other remedies have failed. Their Action is Immediate.

1s. 1½d. PER BOX OF 100. OF ALL CHEMISTS.

Wholesale Depot: **FASSETT & JOHNSON**, 31 & 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

£250

AWARDED.

The Proprietors of **MELLIN'S FOOD** are offering the very substantial prizes enumerated below to the persons obtaining by July 1st, 1899, the greatest number of names and addresses of parents whose children are being fed or have been reared on **MELLIN'S FOOD**. The lists must be clearly written out on foolscap paper, on one side only and 12 names to a page, and must be signed by the Vicar of your Parish, or other Minister, or a Justice of the Peace.

FIRST PRIZE awarded to the sender of the greatest number **£100**

Second Prize - £50 Fifth Prize - £15

Third " - 25 Sixth " - 10

Fourth " - 20 Seventh " - 5

and 25 other Prizes of £1 each.

Lists to be sent not later than July 1st, 1899, to

"AWARD" DEPT., MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, S.E.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Henceforth there will be no public executions in France. The last of these took place in Paris on Feb. 1, and I for one am glad of their suppression. To begin with, I have not the faintest belief in their deterrent effect, either upon the criminal classes or in their merely salutary teaching to those who made those gruesome exhibitions the pretext for spending "a jolly night," not once in a way but habitually. About the middle of the 'forties a ruffian of the deepest dye named Verdure was executed. His brother pursued his business in the crowd, the business being rifling the pockets of those to whom he could come near. As for the honest habitues of the Place de la Roquette, whether educated or not, I am convinced that the periodical sight of that kind of bloodshed blunts their feelings rather than harrows their humanity. It is an ascertained though not a generally known fact that during 1792, 1793, and 1794, servants quarrelled with their masters for compelling them to come away from the Places de la Révolution and du Trône-Reverse after seeing "only two heads roll into the sawdust."

These were servants. I could go back much farther into history and quote from the "Letters of Madame de Sévigné" to show that the educated became just as indifferent to the shedding of human blood after a couple of such spectacles. I prefer to give my personal experiences. During my long stay in Paris I witnessed three executions—that of de la Pommernies, who poisoned his mistress and was suspected of having poisoned his mother-in-law, and whose criminal career bears a certain resemblance to that of Pritchard. The second execution at which I was

present was that of Troppmann, who murdered the Kinck family, consisting of eight; the father and eldest son first, and several months afterwards, in order to hide the initial crime, the mother and the five other brothers and sisters. My third appearance on the Place de la Roquette was at the execution of Michael Campi, a ruffian who killed a poor rhymester in the Rue du Regard.

After la Pommernies' execution I was ill for a week; after Troppmann's the effect of the scene wore off in three days; after Campi's I ceased to think about it in twenty-four hours. Then I concluded that my education in the way of seeing human blood flow under the guillotine had proceeded far enough, and made a vow that no power on earth should draw me to the Place de la Roquette again. This happened about fifteen years ago—I am writing from memory, and it is not necessary for the purpose of this article to look up dates—and I have kept my pledge. I do not profess to be either better or worse than the majority of my fellow-men, but I feel rather proud of having resisted the temptation, because I fancy that few men know where to stop in that direction. They are apt to look upon their growing imperviousness—or callousness, as I should prefer to call it—as a sign of mental force, and finally account it as a subject for self-esteem. I have seen bloodshed—wholesale bloodshed—on the Bohemian battle-fields in 1866, when I was very young, and, four years later, on those of Franco; but it did not affect me like the terrible whirr and thud of the knife of the guillotine. They are to me two utterly different experiences.

Yet I have known the most famous "Monsieur de Paris" of our time, chatted to him, shaken his hand, eaten

and drunk with him, and considered it an honour to be reckoned among his friends. I am alluding to M. Heindreich, who was as mentally superior to Nicholas Roch, his successor, as Roch was superior to Deibler, who has just resigned in favour of his son, Anatole Deibler. It was Heindreich who, as long as thirty-two or thirty-three years ago, suggested the abolition of public executions. Napoleon III. and his Ministers were willing to consider the project, but were afraid of the opposition of the public, fostered by the Republicans. It sounds strange, but it is a fact nevertheless. If la Pommernies had not been executed in public, the Republicans—and, mind, the Republicans of the Chamber—would have spread the report that "he had been juggled away because he had powerful friends." They would have repeated this charge each time a criminal of somewhat more than average social standing paid the penalty of his misdeeds within the walls of la Roquette instead of outside them. That was the way the Republicans understood dynastic warfare during the Second Empire.

Short of abolishing public executions, Heindreich did the next best thing, or at any rate tried to do it, for he did not live to carry out his plans. It was he who designed the "structure level with the ground" which was to replace the raised scaffold. Professedly it was done in order to abridge the culprit's agony by several minutes, in reality to throw difficulties in the way of seeing the gruesome thing by that section of the public which, being unable to secure "reserved seats" in the wine-shops around the square, had to be content with remaining behind the soldiery, unless they succeeded in finding a "coign of observation" on the roof of a house or in a tree. They

"Vinolia" is an emollient Soap for Sensitive Skins.



HIGHLY APPRECIATED ALL OVER THE WORLD FOR 20 YEARS PAST

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST,
And 164, 166, and 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS
Samples & Price Lists Post Free.
N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent Direct to Belfast.

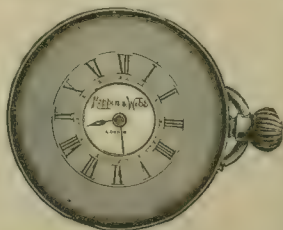


Mappin & Webb's
(Ltd.)

"MANSION HOUSE" WATCHES (Regd.)
Guaranteed Genuine ENGLISH KEYLESS LEVER, 3-plate Movement, Breguet Sprung, Jewelled in 13 Actions, in Massive Dust and Damp Proof Cases.

CATALOGUES FREE.

SELECTIONS ON APPROVAL.



13-carat Gold, Open Face	Gentlemen's, £18 0 0	Ladies', £14 0 0
" Hunter or Half-Hunter	20 0 0	16 0 0
Silver, Open Face	6 10 0	6 0 0
" Hunter or Half-Hunter	7 7 0	6 10 0

2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.; and
158 to 162, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.



REDUCED FACSIMILE.

Guaranteed Qualities: **10/6**

The SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN

Made in Three Sizes, at

10/6, 16/6, & 25/-, up to 18 GUINEAS, post free.

For WEDDING & COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS the IDEAL OBJECT.

PLEASE SEND STEEL PEN AND SPECIMEN OF HANDWRITING WHEN ORDERING.

WRITE FOR COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE TO

MABIE, TODD, & BARD (93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.) LONDON.
(95a, Regent Street, W.)
And 3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.

CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Has been used over Fifty Years by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1d. per Bottle.

ADAMS'S

THE OLDEST AND BEST.

"The Queen."—Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—Dec. 22, 1883.

FURNITURE

Unequalled for its Brilliance and Cleanliness.

It Cleans, Polishes, and Preserves Furniture, Brown Boots, Patent Leather, and Varnished or Enamelled Goods.

VICTORIA PARK WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

POLISH.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin or even white linen.
Should be in every home where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER can be obtained throughout the British Colonies, India, United States of America, &c., &c.



A Light Well-Balanced Food

In these hurry days we need easily digested food. Avoid an ill-balanced or one-sided diet.

Your food should contain carbon for heat and action, nitrogen for blood, nerves and tissues, and phosphates for bones, hair and teeth. Quaker Oats contains all.

THE EASY FOOD

Quaker Oats

THE WORLD'S BREAKFAST

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE



USE

"SANITAS" OIL

FOR LUNG AND THROAT AFFECTIONS.
(Special Pamphlet on Application.)

"SANITAS EMBROCATION"

FOR ACES, SPRAINS & RHEUMATISM.
(The Newest and Finest Remedy.)

THE

"SANITAS" CO LTD.

BETHNAL GREEN, LONDON,
And 636 642, W. 55th Street, NEW YORK.



TO *Ladies*
all the most
beautiful
women use

CREME SIMON

Mme ADELINA PATTI says:

"Have found it very
a good indeed".

For all irritations of the skin it is unequalled.
Chaps, Redness, Roughness, disappear
as if by magic.

PRICE: 1/3, 2/6, and 4/- per Pot.

J. SIMON, PARIS
LONDON, MERTENS, 64, Holborn Viaduct, E. C.
Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers and Stores.

WALTHAM WATCHES.

Twenty-five years ago the American Waltham Watch Company stated that "350,000 Waltham Watches are speaking for themselves in the pockets of the people." To-day 8,000,000 Waltham Watches are in use throughout the civilised world. Every valuable invention in watch-making has been tested and adopted by this Company during the past forty years. The factory is the largest and most complete establishment of the kind in this or any other country. The artisans are of expert skill and training; the machinery of almost incredible performance.

RESULT: WALTHAM WATCHES ARE THE MOST ACCURATE TIMEPIECES IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE.

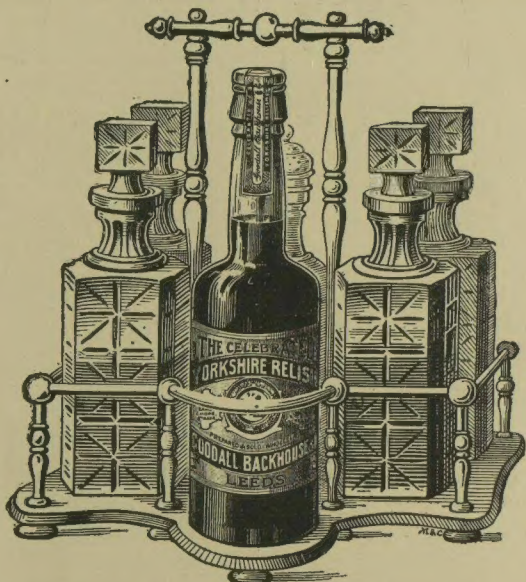
The Company particularly recommends the movement engraved with the Trade Mark "RIVERSIDE," as being of high quality and within the means of every one.

The Largest Stock in the Kingdom is to be found at

H. W. BEDFORD'S, 67, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

PRICE LIST FREE ON APPLICATION.

"THE KING OF THE CRUET."



YORKSHIRE RELISH

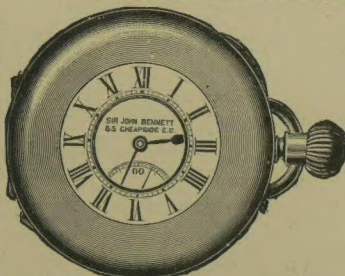
The Most Delicious Sauce in the World.

Makes the Plainest Viands Palatable and the Daintiest Dishes more Delicious.
Enriches Soups, Stews, Chops, Steaks, Fish, &c.

Sold in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each, of all Grocers, Stores, &c.
BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES.

Sole Proprietors: **GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS.**

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,
WATCH & CLOCK MANUFACTURERS.

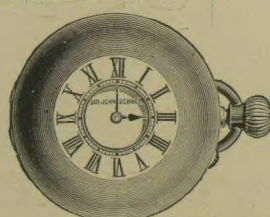


£25.—A STANDARD GOLD KEY-LESS 1/4-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram richly embossed. Free and safe per post.
SIR JOHN BENNETT (LTD.), 65, Cheapside, London.

£20, £30, £40 Presentation Watches.
Arms and Inscription embossed to order.

£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells.
In oak or mahogany. With Bracket and Shield, Three business extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

SIR JOHN BENNETT (LTD.), 65, Cheapside, London.



£10.—In return for £10 NOTE, free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

SILVER WATCHES, from £2.

GOLD WATCHES, from £5.
Illustrated Catalogues post free.

£5.—SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER WATCH. A fine 1/4-plate English Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balance, crystal glass. The CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Air, damp, and dust tight. GOLD CHAINS and JEWELLERY.

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.



The spirit of Winter is upon you. Cold Winds, Cold Rain, and Damp Fogs will be your lot for months. Protect yourselves, take care, and nullify the effect of this changeable climate.

IF YOU COUGH,

USE

GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES.

Let your lungs be filled with the vapour of Norwegian Pine Tar, which they give off whilst dissolving in the mouth. The efficacy of Pine Tar in all affections of the Throat and Lungs is well known. The best mode of applying it is by inhalation, and the mouth makes the best inhaler.

ALL CHEMISTS SELL THEM.

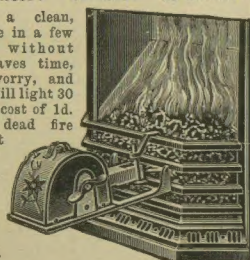
72 in a Tube for 11s.

THE "QUEEN" FIRE-LIGHTING FAN

NO FIREWOOD! NO DUST! NO DANGER!

Lights a clean, bright fire in a few minutes without wood. Saves time, labour, worry, and money. Will light 30 fires at a cost of 1d. Blows a dead fire into life at once.

Will Last a Lifetime.



14 Days' Free Trial Allowed.

Delivered Free in United Kingdom for Cash with Order. Japanned Cover, 15 6; Embossed Brass Cover and Brass Handle, 21/- each.

Please mention this Paper. Full particulars post free from

CHERRY TREE MACHINE CO., LTD.,
CHERRY TREE, BLACKBURN.



The Secret of a Beautiful Skin

Soft, white hands, shapely nails, and luxuriant hair, with clean, wholesome scalp, is found in the perfect action of the PORES, produced by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifier and beautifier in the world.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, London. PORTER DRUG & CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A. *See "How to Purify the Skin," post free.*

EVERY HUMOUR From Pimples to Scrofula cured by CUTICURA REMEDIES.

did succeed now and again, and instead of being impressed, they rendered the scene more hideous by their levity. Heindreich did not live to see the new contrivance at work, there having been no execution for two years previously to his death. It was Nicholas Koch who "handed" the new machine; "a new sewing-machine, which does not join, but disjoins," as it was not inappropriately described. Notwithstanding the double interest of that "premiere for the seum"—there was a new actor in the executioner's part and new properties—the honours of the performance were for a lad who, perched on one of the trees, intoned, amidst the dead silence immediately following the appearance of the culprit, the refrain from Hervé's then popular opera, "L'Œil Crevé"—

On va lui couper la tête,
C'est bien fait!

Am I not justified in my disbelief of the deterrent effect of public executions?

MISCELLANEOUS.

A deputation of the Manchester Protestant League and of the Liverpool Working Men's Conservative Association had an interview with Mr. A. J. Balfour last week at Manchester to question him about the tolerance of irregular Ritualist practices in the Church of England, and his proposal of an Irish Roman Catholic University, with a Presbyterian University at Belfast. The right hon. gentleman vindicated the latter, as an idea belonging to himself individually; but with regard to the English Church, considered that time should be allowed for the Bishops to devise means of correcting the practices complained of.

Those who were present at Dr. Parker's Thursday service on Feb. 2 heard one of the finest sermons which have ever fallen from his lips. At times he seemed carried beyond himself, yet his calmness and self-control under most trying circumstances won general admiration. The congregation was larger than on many Sundays, and when

Dr. Parker spoke of continuing his work in spite of the natural desire to lay it down in presence of his great bereavement there was hearty, though quiet, applause. Although he forced himself to take this service, Dr. Parker wisely rested on Sunday, when Dr. Guinness Rogers and Dr. Adamson, of Windermere, occupied the pulpit.

A public meeting at Newcastle, addressed by Earl Grey, who was in the chair, was held last week, to vote for a cordial response to the Czar's invitation and proposals for a limitation of warlike armaments. The Bishop of Newcastle took part in it.

We are requested by the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company to state that they are now able fully to cope with demands for their booklet "All About Dunlop Tyres for 1899," and that any applicant will in future receive a copy gratis by return post. Delay has arisen owing to the heavy demand for the booklet, consequent upon the interest created in cycling circles by the new "Multitex" Dunlop Tyres.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE.
OR PREPARED WHITE FULLER'S EARTH.
Is the only reliable and thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. It is prepared by an experienced Chemist, and under its Latin name of "Terra Cimolia" is constantly prescribed by the most eminent living Dermatologists, and was especially recommended by the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., and the late Dr. Tilbury Fox. For general use it is simply invaluable. It is the Best Dusting-Powder for Infants. Formerly used in the Nurseries of Her Majesty the Queen, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Teck, &c., and now extensively employed in the Nurseries of Her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Russia, our own Royal Princesses and Duchesses, H.R.H. the Duchess of Cumberland, the Duchess of St. Albans, and most of the Aristocracy. Recommended by the Faculty. An eminent physician says: "I feel I cannot too highly recommend it." "I cannot afford to be without it."—Dr. Belding. A lady writes: "Here, in India, for 'Prickly Heat,' I found it worth a guinea a box—worth it." Post free. Send 15 or 35 penny stamps. Ask for "Taylor's Cimolite." See that the Trade Mark, Name, and Address are on every Packet, and do not be persuaded to take imitations.

Introduced into medical practice and prepared by
JOHN TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

HOOPING COUGH.

CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

THE celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON, 127, Queen Victoria Street, London, whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp. Sold by all Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.

PURCHASERS who can pay Cash will find that the Cheapest House in the Kingdom for New Grand and Cottage Piano by Broadwood, Collard, Brand, Oetzmann, Steinway, Bechstein, and other makers of repute is THOMAS GUYMAN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London, W., where the merits of the Piano by the respective makers can be tried side by side. All Pianos packed free and forwarded anywhere. Only address, 27, Baker Street, W.

ASTHMA, CATARRH. Frumau's Paper. FORTY-FIVE YEARS' SUCCESS. The Highest Award at the Exhibition, 1889. London & G. JOZEAU, 49, Haymarket, W.; MEYER, 64, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE
For Searches and Authentic Information respecting ARMORIAL BEARINGS and FAMILY DESCENTS.
Also for the Artistic Production of HERALDIC PAINTING, ENGRAVING and STATIONERY.
Book-Plates Engraved for Illustrating Heraldic Works.
Illustrated Price-List and Samples Free.
60 Visiting Cards and Copper Plate, Gen'l., 2s. 8d. Ladies, 2s.
25, CRANBOURNE STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Goddard's Plate Powder
(NON-MERCURIAL).
FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY this Powder has maintained an unrivalled reputation throughout the United Kingdom and DISTANT SALES AGENTS for the Cleansing SILVER and ELECTRO PLATE. Sold in Boxes, 1s., 2s., 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Grocers, Chemists, Ironmongers, &c.

CODDARD'S FURNITURE CREAM.
For Cleaning and Polishing all kinds of Cabinet Furniture. Sold in bottles, 6d. and 1s. each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.
SIX GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

THE ELECTROPATHIC BELT
A SOUND TONIC.
Mr. W. H. Ingham, 25, Grantham Street, Lincoln, says:—"Enclosed is cheque. Please send me an Electropathic Belt. My sister's sister has one of your belts, and it will suit me."
Speedily cures all Disorders of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys. Thousands of Testimonials. Pamphlet & Advice free on application to Medical Battery Co., Ltd.
489, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.
Call to-day, or write at once.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

Blacking
Black & Brown
Waterproof & Self Polishing.
Largest Sale in the World.
Avoid Imitations—Demand the Original.
Milk Dressing for Bootskin, Buckskin, Canvas Shoes, Balmoral Gloss for Ladies' Boots. "Ojo" Harness Paste, Black and Brown. Silveret Plate Powder.
Send for descriptive Circular of all our preparations.



FOX'S PATENT SPAT PUTTEE
GENTS', in two qualities . . . 10/6
LADIES', fine quality . . . 10/-
CHILDREN'S (to order) . . . 10/-
REGULATION quality. . . 6/-
(Without Spats)

Made in Blue, Black, and Khakoe, and a variety of mixtures to match their FOBO Sporting Cloth.

Sold by Stores, Hosiery, and Outfitters, &c.

In case of difficulty apply to Patentees and Manufacturers,
FOX BROS. & CO., Ltd.,
WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

Provost Oats are prepared in Scotland from the finest Scotch grain, and have the largest sale of Scotch Rolled Oats in the world, solely on their merits. Sold in 1 and 2-lb. packets by all Grocers and Food Dealers.



Provost Oats in exchange for 50 Coupons. A Coupon on every packet. Many thousands of these Porringers are given away.

THE SCOTTISH NATURAL MINERAL TABLE WATER

St. Roman's
SUPERIOR TO AND CHEAPER THAN ANY OF THE FOREIGN MINERAL WATERS.
Proprietors: The "ST. ROMAN'S WELLS" & MINERAL WATER CO., Ltd., Innerleithen, Scotland.
London Depot: 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, E.C.

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, and NEURALGIA.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to. See the "Times," July 13, 1894.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davison, M.D., that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne. See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1885.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1886: "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the best and most certain remedy in Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a certain cure in Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, &c.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE—CAUTION.—None genuine without the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" on the Government stamp. Overwhelming medical testimony accompanies each Bottle. Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 35, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London. Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

D'ALMAINE AND CO.—PIANOS AND ORGANS. All Improvements. Approval Canteen-free. Easy terms. 10 years' warranty. Second-hand good Cottages from 7 guineas, new iron-framed Pianos from 10 guineas, Organs from 5 guineas. Full price paid allowed within three years if exchanged for a higher class instrument.

D'ALMAINE and CO. (Established 114 years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. Open till 7. Saturdays, 3.

NO MORE ASTHMA FROM THIS MOMENT.
Awarded one hundred thousand francs Gold and Silver Medals and admitted to be unrivalled. Particulars gratis and post free from **DR. CLERY, MARSEILLES, FRANCE.**

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.
And 164, 165, and 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

TWO PRIZE MEDALS, PARIS, 1889.

LINEN Collars, Ladies' 2-fold, from 3s. per doz.

Cuffs for Ladies' Gentlemen, from 5/11 per doz.

COLLARS, CUFFS, SHIRTS. Fine Quality 4-fold Pure Linen. Fronts, 3s. 6d. per 3-doz. (10 men's size, 2 extra).

SAMPLES & PRICE-LISTS POST FREE. AND SHIRTS. N.B.—Old Shirts made good as new with best materials in Neck Band, Cuffs, and Fronts, for 1/6 the 1-doz.

N.D.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for samples should be sent Direct to Belfast.

UMBRELLAS



S. FOX & CO. LIMITED

Manufacture the Steel specially for all their frames, and are thus able to provide **EXCEPTIONAL QUALITY AT A MERELY NOMINAL PRICE** over inferior makes.

Our Umbrella Frames are the best as they have been for 50 years.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CREATION IS THE CREATION OF THE TRIUMPH.
TRIUMPH CYCLES.
PRIORYWORKS, COVENTRY AND LONDON

Under Royal Patronage.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR.

The Great Hair Producer and Restorer.

The Finest Dressing, specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed.
A Luxury and a Necessity to every Modern Toilet.

Restores the Hair. Strengthens the Roots.
Promotes the Growth. Preserves the Hair.
Arrests the Fall. Renders it Beautifully Soft.

ORDER.

Crown Prince's Palace,
Athens.

H.R.H. Princess Marie
of Greece wishes six
bottles of Edwards'
"Harlene" for the Hair
sent immediately

TESTIMONIAL.

Messrs. Edwards' Pre-
paration, "Harlene," has
given entire satisfaction
to H.R.H. Princess Marie
of Greece.



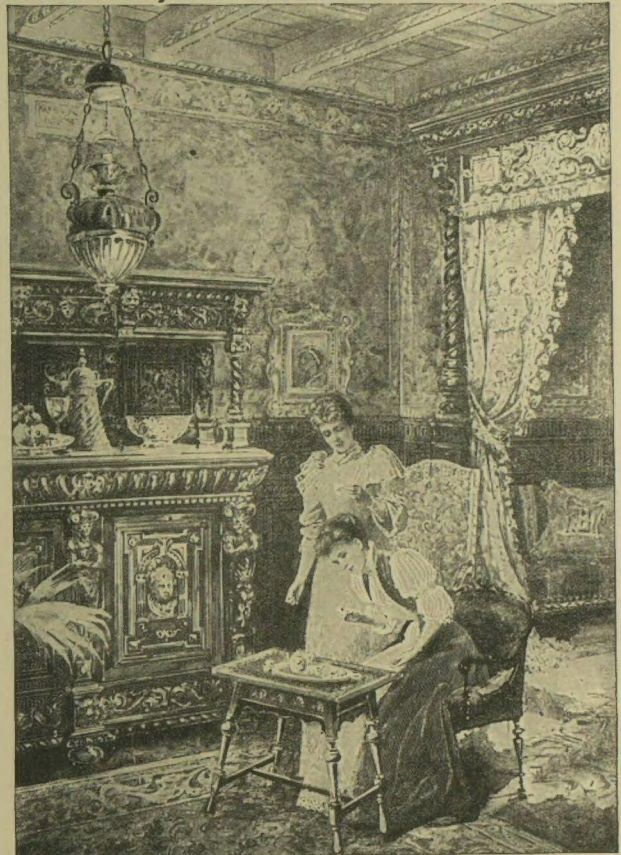
"HARLENE" PRESERVES, STRENGTHENS, AND INVIGORATES CHILDREN'S HAIR. KEEPS THE SCALP
CLEAN, AND ALLAYS ALL IRRITATION.

Full Description and Directions for Use in Twenty Languages supplied with every Bottle.

1s., 2s. 6d., and (three times 2s. 6d. size) 4s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all
over the World, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 AND 96, HIGH HOLBORN,
LONDON, W.C.

HEWETSONS, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON



HOUSE FURNISHERS AND CARPET FACTORS.
HEWETSONS HAVE THE LARGEST STOCK OF
ENGLISH CARVED OAK FURNITURE IN THE WORLD.

Illustrated Furnishing Catalogues Post Free. Goods Carriage Paid to any part of England.
Estate Department: Auctions and Private Sales, Valuations, Lettings, Surveys, Repairs, and Decorations.

HEWETSONS, Tottenham Court Road, LONDON.

Carter's Little Liver Pills

1s. 1½d.
at Chemists.



Cure all Liver ills.

Exact size and shape of Package.



Wrapper printed blue on white.

**Cure Torpid Liver, Sallow Complexion,
Bilious Headache.**

BUT BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are sometimes counterfeited. It is not enough to ask for
"Little Liver Pills"; CARTER'S is the important word, and should be observed on
the outside wrapper, otherwise the pills within cannot be genuine.
Do not take any nameless "Little Liver Pills" that may be offered. But be sure
they are CARTER'S

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S

WHITE SOUND TEETH.
FRAGRANT BREATH.
HEALTHY GUMS.



Used in all Countries for
OVER 70 YEARS.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits.
The only Genuine is signed
"JEWSBURY & BROWN."

ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE

DON'T COUGH
SAVE YOURSELF FROM WRECK
THE UNRIVALLED REMEDY
USE KEATING'S LOZENGES

In HALF-HOOP, MARQUISE, GIPSY,
and all other Designs, Set with
**BRILLIANTS, EMERALDS, PEARLS, RUBIES,
SAPPHIRES, OPALS, TURQUOISE,**
OF PUREST QUALITY.

5000
At Maker's Cash Prices,
Showing 33 per Cent.
Saving.

SELECTIONS SET
ON APPROVAL.

BENSON'S

ENGAGEMENT RINGS

Brilliant, 28.
Sapphires and
Brilliant, 21.
Brilliant Half-Hoop,
210.
Pearls and Brilliance,
24.
Brilliance, 27.
Brilliant, 22.
Ruby and Brilliance,
25 10s.
Pearl and Brilliance,
24s.
Brilliant, 23.
Brilliant, 21.
Brilliant, 22.

Old Jewellery, &c., taken
in Exchange.
Lucky Wedding-Rings and
Keepers from 10s. to 25.
ILLUSTRATED BOOK (New Edition) of
WATCHES AND RINGS POST FREE.

J. W. BENSON, LTD.,
Jewellers to H.M. the Queen and Royal Family.

STEAM
FACTORY: 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL,
AND
25, OLD BOND STREET, W.:
And at 28, Royal Exchange, E.C.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

LIFE WORTH
MAKE LIVING

CASH'S WOVEN NAMES AND INITIALS.

*Embroidered in Fast Turkey Red Cotton on
Fine Cambric Tape.*

Far Superior to Marking Ink, and Invaluable for Sewing on to Socks, Blankets, and any other article.



Gentleman's Shirt marked with
Cash's woven name (script style)

Illustrated Pattern Book (containing Woven
Patterns of Names, Frillings, and other Specialities)
Free by Post on Application to

J. & J. CASH, LTD., COVENTRY.

Please mention this Paper.

TRY

ZIG ZAG

GUMMED EDGE

A REVOLUTION IN
**CIGARETTE PAPER
BOOKS.**

EACH LEAF READY TO HAND FOR USE.
AT ALL TOBACCONISTS.

Never Fails.
Established
24 YEARS.

Have you a Cough?
A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.

Have you a Cold?
A DOSE AT BEDTIME WILL REMOVE IT:

Try it also for
Bronchitis, Asthma, Influenza,
Whooping-Cough, Consumption.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

BE SURE YOU GET IT.

"I am happy to say that your Tonic constitutes my family medicine,
and has for years. I have found it invaluable as a preacher and
lecturer, and have constantly recommended it to my fellow ministers."
(Rev.) JOHN MATTHEWS, Fabian House, Swansea.

"I think it my duty to let Bathurst know how valuable a medicine it is
for the cure of colds. I have found invaluable benefit from it, and
could not carry on my profession without it."
M. BIBBERO, Professor of Swimming, 416, Mile End Rd., London

Prepared by
W. T. OWBRIDGE, Chemist, Hull.
Sold everywhere
in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.,
4s. 6d., and 11s.

COPYRIGHT.

KODAK

KODAK
PHOTOGRAPHY
IS MASTERED BY
ANYONE
IN A FEW MINUTES.

KODAKS from
£1 1s. to £7 7s.

PRICE LISTS
POST FREE.

KODAK, Ltd.,
43 Clerkenwell Rd.,
LONDON, E.C.
Branches: 63, Chancery, E.C.;
215-217 Oxford Street, W.;
271-273 Regent Street, W.

CIGARES de
JOY

**IMMEDIATELY
RELIEVE
ASTHMA
WHEEZING
BRONCHITIS**

JOY'S CIGARETTES

Sample free on receipt of 1d. stamp
One Cigarette instantly relieves
the worst attack of Asthma,
Wheezing Cough, Shortness of
Breath, Chronic Bronchitis.
Sufferers at night find them
invaluable, as they check the
spasm, permit of sleep; may be
smoked by ladies and most
delicate patients.
2/6 box 35, of all Chemists
POST FREE from W. & Co., 25,
Martineau Street, London, W.

OLD JUDGE TOBACCO